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UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE NATION

I

SUCCESS is not always the measure of greatness. Neither is defeat the assurance of want of ability or fitness for office. These truths are in nothing more forcibly illustrated than in the triumphs and failures of the various candidates for the highest place of power in the gift of the American people. Since the beginning of Presidential rule, now nearly ninety-six years, we have had twenty-one Presidents. With the exception of Washington, each President encountered opposing strength in his election that well-nigh turned the whole current of events. The men who did not win played a very important part in the winning game. We are bound to them by certain ties of interest if not of gratitude, irrespective of political creed or considerations. They belong to history, and history should gather in its own. The chief characters in the grand army of the "unsuccessful," since the inauguration of Washington on the balcony of Federal Hall in Wall Street, may be divided chronologically into two companies; the first embraced within the period of sixty-four of the ninety-six years, and the second within the thirty-two years from 1853 to 1885. Of the relative importance of these two groups of men, the intelligent reader will draw his own conclusions later on.

Instances have not been wanting, as we all know, where the unsuccessful candidate at one election became the choice of the majority in a subsequent electoral vote. During the early years of the Republic, he was the inevitable Vice-President. Then again, he became the National Prime Minister, conducting the affairs of that department of the Government which quietly and unostentatiously overshadows all others, and with which the American public are the least familiar. And he held various and responsible trusts. John Jay and George Clinton, of New York, the one Chief Justice of the United States, and the other for eighteen successive years Governor of New York, each received a few votes at nearly every Presidential election prior to 1805, at which time George Clinton became Vice-President. As early as 1793 Clinton seemed on the high-road

to the Presidential mansion through the fact of having received fifty electoral votes. He was a man of ability and iron integrity, one who, though unsuccessful in the particular direction of the Presidency, proved himself in many respects no insignificant factor in the shaping of our country's laws and institutions. His accompanying portrait shows better than any other extant,* the strong, honest, common-sense, immovable Scotch-Irish character of the statesman and patriot. He had a good medium forehead, from which his scanty gray hair was combed up to hide its bald summit, thick bushy eyebrows, and a scrutinizing look out of keen eyes, a well-developed lower face, with a domineering chin, and a large mouth firmly closed.

Jay seems to have had no personal aspirations for the Presidency. When Washington retired in 1797, Jay's name was much mentioned. Many preferred him to Adams, believing him to possess more coolness, judgment, and consistency, with less tendency to prejudice; and Hamilton, the real leader of the Federalists, was emphatically of that opinion. Jay was then fifty-two years of age, tall, slight, calm, self-contained, his features clear cut, and of a type denoting refinement and morality of the highest order.† But John Adams was ten years his senior, and being already Vice-President was in the line of promotion. Adams was, moreover, the representative of New England, which was the great arm of the Federalist party. The second candidate, intended for the Vice-Presidency, was the brilliant Thomas Pinckney, of South Carolina, then forty-seven years of age, who had just returned from a mission to Spain, where he had concluded the treaty of St. Ildefonso, which secured to the United States the free navigation of the Mississippi.‡

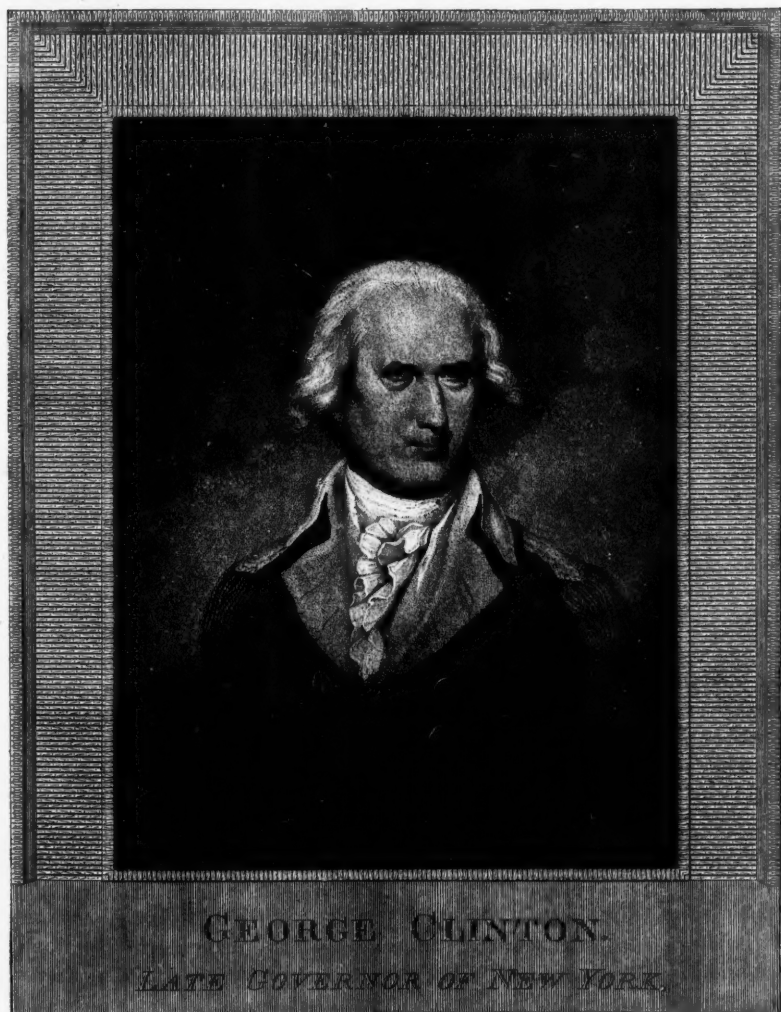
Against these two candidates arose the astute and successful politician Thomas Jefferson, with Aaron Burr, as yet little known in politics, in his shadow. Jefferson was fifty-four, a Democrat of the most democratic convictions—otherwise a Republican—in person tall and loose-jointed, with a kindly blue eye, fair complexion, reddish flaxen hair, and a general Celtic cast of face.§ He was eminently a man of opinions, not of action; and he was no orator, rarely making a speech. At the same time he had shown himself powerful in official position, and the fire in his soul blazed forth in an energetic and steadfast hatred of Hamilton and all his measures. The

* This Magazine, in September, 1883 [x. 176], published one of the well-known portraits of George Clinton, which may be studied in connection with the rarer picture given here.

† This Magazine, in May, 1883 [ix. 305], published the portrait of John Jay.

‡ This Magazine, in September, 1883 [x. 180], published the portrait of Thomas Pinckney.

§ This Magazine published, in February and May, 1884 [xi. 47, 394], two portraits of Thomas Jefferson.



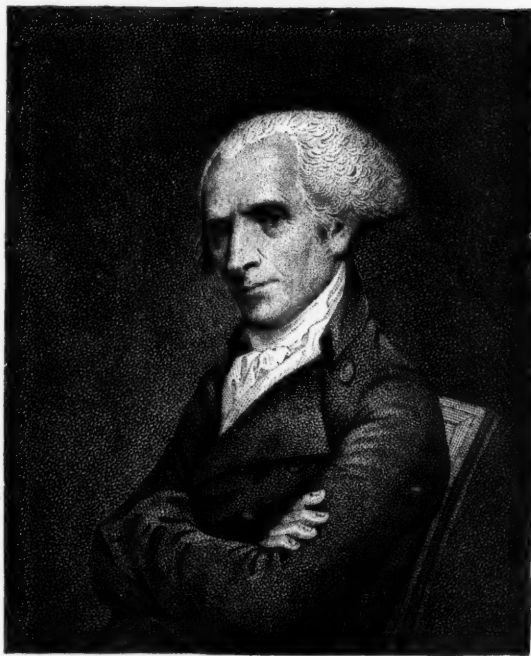
From a rare and exceptionally valuable copy of the painting by J. Wright, in the collection of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet.

Federalists were afraid of Jefferson. Dread of the bare possibility of his reaching the Presidential chair amounted almost to a mania. The contest

in this third Presidential election was one of the fiercest America had as yet chronicled. On either side it was confidently affirmed that the country would be ruined if the enemy should prove victorious. The newspapers distinguished themselves with offensive and aggressive personalities—hardly excelled by our famous journals of 1884. When the voting began many a voter's opinion was expressed as to the kind of a man a President ought to be, by making his own selection of a candidate—as if he had adopted in advance the theory of President Seelye. Samuel Adams, the lofty and incorruptible; Oliver Ellsworth, the jurist, scholar and independent thinker, one of Connecticut's brightest men; James Iredell, the North Carolina statesman; Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina; George Clinton, John Jay, John Henry of Maryland, Samuel Johnston, and George Washington were all remembered at the polls, and were among the "unsuccessful." Aaron Burr received thirty votes, and Thomas Pinckney fifty-nine. The Federalists had reason to regret with bitterness the want of political energies focused to a precise point. There is little doubt but Pinckney might have been Vice-President if the proper course had been taken. John Adams received seventy-one of the electoral votes, and Jefferson sixty-eight. Therefore John Adams was declared President. But what of his great defeated adversary? In this connection we have one of the historical curiosities of political contrivance, and its disappointing results. The votes for President and Vice-President were not then cast separately, nor could the electors designate in their ballots any choice between the two. The candidate receiving the highest number of votes took the highest office, the one with the next highest number became Vice-President. Thus Jefferson, the leader of the opposition, the man of all others least wanted among the government officials—the great enemy-in-chief—must be the Vice-President for four years! That which the successful party was most anxious to avoid was precipitated through their own mismanagement, "under the operation of the constitution" as Adams expressed it, and Jefferson was given a conspicuous place for the succession.

The signs of promise were quickly freighted with infelicity. Adams and Jefferson met with graceful politeness. The unsuccessful candidate complimented his predecessor in the Senate, and meekly and mildly entered upon the performance of his duties. But the administration was stormy from the beginning; and ere long the President and Vice-President had fallen permanently asunder. The French disturbances, and the war question created a perfect resurrection of all the old animosities between parties and individuals that had ever existed, and brought new ones to

life in every quarter. The two envoys dispatched to France to join Charles Cotesworth Pinckney in the hope of making peace were, John Marshall, afterward Chief Justice, who for his public service was ranked by many with Washington,* and Elbridge Gerry, afterward Vice-President, a small, slight, urbane man of fifty-three—a master in all questions of commerce and finance. Jefferson earnestly entreated Gerry to accept the appointment when he found him reluctant. But the unfortunate trio might as



ELBRIDGE GERRY.

From engraving by J. B. Longacre; drawing by Vanderlyn.

well have been spared the ignominy of the mission, for it was a failure. The Directory refused to treat with American ambassadors until grievances were redressed and apologies made for offensive language in Mr. Adams' speech to Congress. Meanwhile the alien and sedition laws, projected as a system of defense, nearly produced a civil war. Never was an executive head more successful in fanning the flame of party spirit than President

* This Magazine published, in July, 1883 [xii. 62], the portrait of John Marshall.

Adams. He was an expert in that line; and he was vigorously censured for everything he did and for everything he did not do. He was not apparently in unison with the humor of the age. He had, too, a faculty for disagreements; and he was not in harmony with his cabinet or his party. In the midst of the turmoil and political demoralization, the newspapers went raving mad and attacked the government, statesmen, citizens, and each other with indecent ferocity. The epithets of rogue, liar, scoundrel, and villain were common terms. "It was a pleasure to live in those good old days, when a Federalist could knock a Republican down in the streets and not be questioned about it," said one of the New York Congressmen of that era in his old age. Vice-President Jefferson was cool and patient, and by no means an uninterested spectator. Nor did he hesitate to turn everything practicable to his own personal advantage in the way of influence.

But quite another and a different man now steps forward in the catalogue of unsuccessful candidates. Aaron Burr had hitherto occupied a very limited space in public notice. He had taken a high position at the New York bar; and he had been six years in Congress, and yet had never originated any political idea or measure. He was thirteen years younger than Jefferson—younger, indeed, than most of the public men of his time. In audacity he was matchless. His rise was more rapid than that of any other person who ever played a prominent part in national affairs. His star seemed to fairly canter into the skies. The cause is well known. The Republican party was hydra-headed—had never been consolidated. New York was the great center of its power. Yet through old family feuds and other reasons it was chopped up into factions. The Clintons were at the head of one faction, the Livingstons of another, and so on. Burr was essentially a lazy man, but he had a genius for seizing the few salient points of a great operation, and making more out of these than the multitude could by touching every detail. He was never diffuse. His self-composure was rarely if ever ruffled in the least. He was small of stature, well-formed, with black, piercing eyes, and an irresistibly pleasing address. He saw and grasped the situation. New York must be revolutionized. By a concurrent calculation the results of the Presidential election for 1801 were made to rest upon the vote of New York alone—and even upon the members of Assembly to be chosen in the City of New York at the spring election of 1800, as Presidential electors were to be chosen by the Legislature in joint ballot. Defeat for the Republicans seemed certain. Burr consulted with Jefferson, and ostensibly worked for Jefferson. He drafted an imposing list of names for the New York City ticket, adroitly placing

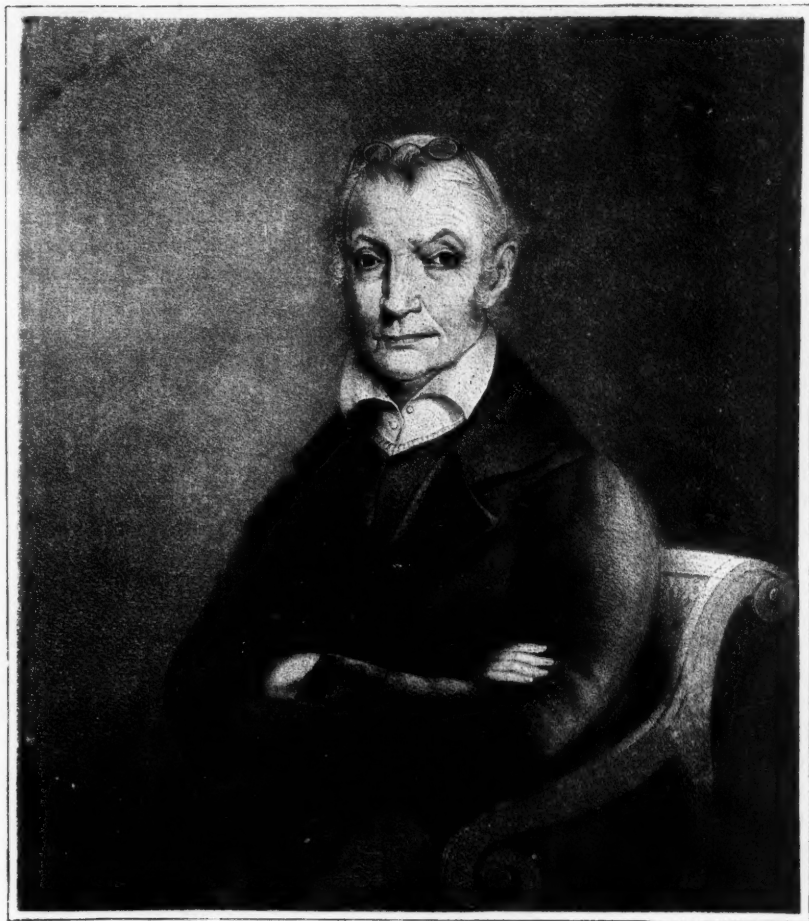
that of George Clinton first. Then came that of General Horatio Gates, who was bitterly opposed to Hamilton and Schuyler; and next that of Judge Brockholst Livingston, son of Governor William Livingston of revolutionary fame. Each of these three would naturally refuse to act with the others, and each had personal aims, claims, and jealousies. Thus all Burr's talents for intrigue and persuasion were given full play. After repeated interviews Livingston consented to have his name used, provided Clinton and Gates were prevailed upon to do likewise. Gates was next attacked, and through an extraordinary display of Burr's peculiar tactics finally yielded so far as to promise to stand if Clinton would. Then Burr approached Clinton. This was a more difficult undertaking. It was well understood that Clinton had pretensions to the Presidency. He did not like Jefferson, and he liked Burr less than Jefferson. To be asked to stand for the New York Assembly for the sole purpose of helping Jefferson into the Presidential chair, brought heavy lines into his stern face. The solicitation coming too from an aspiring man, who was only a mere stripling aide-de-camp when he (Clinton) was the foremost man in the State, was humiliating in the extreme. He was deaf to all arguments for a time. Burr was alive with fruitful expedients; and he was so gentle and courteous withal, that if he failed in one visit he could presently make another. Clinton refused and refused to have his name used. Burr, finally, with captivating sweetness told him that it was the inherent right of a community to command the services of a man of superior ability in a great and grave crisis, and that the party were determined to nominate and elect him whether he would or no.

Clinton at last made the slight concession that he would not publicly repudiate the nomination. He also agreed to refrain during the canvass from his customary and emphatic denunciation of Jefferson. He kept his promise; but neither he, nor his rising nephew, De Witt Clinton, nor any of his relatives, personally assisted in the campaign.

Burr, wiry, sharp eyed and ever on the alert, worked with telling effect. He personally superintended the making of lists of voters, with the political and other history of each appended in parallel columns. To this was added every crumb of information to be had as to their opinions, health, habits, temperament, etc. The committee on finance jotted down the names of the principal men whom they proposed to solicit for funds, and looking over this list, Burr remarked that a certain politician, equally distinguished for zeal and parsimony, was assessed one hundred dollars. "Strike it out," he exclaimed; "you will not get the money, and from the moment the demand is made upon him his exertions will cease, and you will not see

him at the polls." He next noticed one hundred dollars placed against the name of a man who was liberal with his purse but indolent. "Double this," said Burr, "and tell him no labor will be expected of him, except an occasional attendance in the committee room to help fold the tickets." The result was as predicted. The lazy man paid the money with a smile, and the stingy man worked day and night.

At the polls not a point was lost. Burr was, with the exception of Hamilton, the most active and industrious man during that exciting period in North America. The contest ended with the first Republican triumph in our annals. The city had been carried by a majority of four hundred and ninety votes. The news took the whole country by surprise. The coming victory in the autumn was thereby confidently assured. By a policy intangible and indescribable, the elements of Republicanism had been brought into a united and invincible body. The price of Burr's local achievements was candidacy for the Vice-Presidency, and it was granted with bad grace. He was eminently unsuccessful in the matter of inspiring confidence. The Federalists selected Adams and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney. There was some thought of withdrawing a few Federalist votes from Adams, that Pinckney might be made President, but the project was abandoned. When the result of the election was made known, all parties were in a frenzy of disappointment, for there was a tie: Jefferson and Burr had each received the same number of votes—seventy-three. Adams had received sixty-five, and Pinckney sixty-four. The decision, therefore, rested with the House of Representatives, voting by States. As there were sixteen States in the Union, another difficulty arose when Congress assembled as to the majority necessary for a choice. The Republicans could not control the choice, and the Federalists had the power, by holding steadily together, to prevent any election whatever. Thirty-five ballots ended alike. The House had resolved in the morning not to adjourn until a President was chosen. One member, too ill to leave his bed, was borne on a litter to the Capitol, and his wife sat by him and administered his medicines; the ballot-boxes were carried to his couch that he might not miss a ballot. All day, all night and until noon of the next day the balloting went on, until the exhausted legislators "begged for a dispensation from their own regulation," and agreed to take a recess. For seven days the country was in the most troubled excitement. Finally the influence of Hamilton was brought to bear upon the situation; the Federalist representative from Vermont absented himself, and the two Federalists from Maryland dropped blank ballots into the box. Thus at the close of the seventh day, ten States, a sufficient majority to satisfy the law, voted for



AARON BURR.

From the painting by Vandyke—to which is appended a certificate from Burr, under his well-known signature, dated "January 1, 1834," in these words: "I certify that the Portrait by Vandyke is the best Likeness ever Painted of me since 1809."

Jefferson, and he was declared President. Burr was really the most unsuccessful of the unsuccessful candidates in this election. He came out of the fray badly singed and blackened. Morally he was a failure from the beginning. Politically he had betrayed trust by aiming for the Presidency,

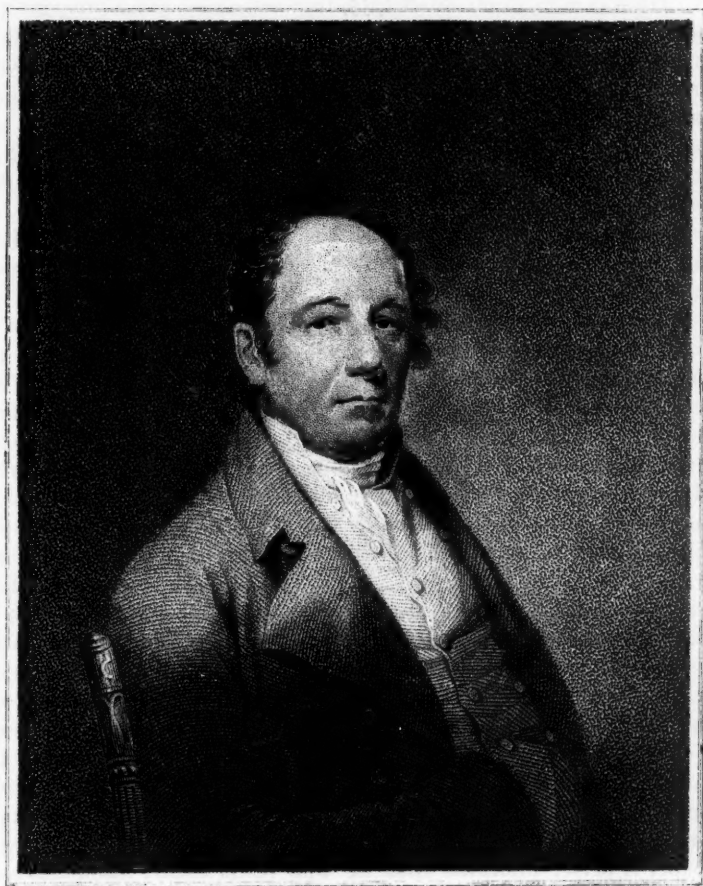
in defiance of the well-known wishes of his party. And his unscrupulous and marvelous aptitude for intrigue alienated all honest men. He was Vice-President for the subsequent four years; but his course was downward. His star had reached its zenith, and was descending swiftly toward the setting sun.

The portrait of Burr which was published in the Magazine for September, 1883, represents him at the age when best known to the American public. The portrait of Burr given in connection with this article, is from an exceedingly rare copy of Vandyke's painting, in his advanced years, for which the Magazine is indebted to the priceless collection and the generous courtesy of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet.

The unsuccessful candidates in the fifth Presidential election were Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, George Clinton, and Rufus King. Burr was dropped out of consideration altogether in the nominating caucus, and in his after attempt to secure the governorship of New York, vacated by George Clinton, the duel came to pass in which Hamilton fell. The Republicans were now so decidedly in the ascendant that Jefferson and Clinton received one hundred and sixty-two electoral votes each; and there was no ambiguity about which should be President, and which Vice-President.

The Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution had just been adopted, its necessity having been made apparent by the long contest in the House about Jefferson and Burr in 1801. The Republicans began to call themselves Democrats by this time, and interesting feuds sprung up in many places, like tares in a wheat field. Never had there been such an overwhelming victory. Pinckney and King received only fourteen votes each. Even Massachusetts, to the surprise and chagrin of the vanquished, went for Jefferson. Pinckney was a South Carolinian, a statesman of personal elegance, family, and fortune, born in 1746. He was educated for the bar in England, at Westminster, Oxford, and the Temple. Cyril Jackson, sub-preceptor of the prince who became George IV., was his private tutor at Oxford. He had hardly established himself in the practice of his profession in this country when the war broke out, and he passed through every vicissitude of a soldier's life. Later, in the councils of the nation he successively declined three important offices, that of chief justice, and the two secretaryships of State and War. From 1805 to 1825, he was President-General of the Society of the Cincinnati. His home was one of generous hospitality, and with all his varied attainments and culture he was earnestly religious. His fine portrait graced the pages of this Magazine in September, 1883 (Vol. X., p. 179).

Rufus King had recently been minister to England for six years, sent by



RUFUS KING.

From the painting by Wood.

Washington, remaining through the whole of Adams' administration and two years of the first term of Jefferson. When he left America the Federalists were dominant, and on his return he found a new order of things established. He retired to a beautiful country seat in Jamaica, Long Island, with little inclination for further public life. But he was twice the nominee for Vice-President, and in 1817 was the defeated presidential candidate in opposition to James Monroe, receiving thirty-four electoral

votes. He was born in Maine in 1755, thus was nine years younger than Pinckney; and he was also bred to the law. He was a member of the old Congress, when New York was the seat of the national government, and in 1786 married the daughter of the rich merchant John Alsop, and made his permanent home in the metropolis. He was an eloquent speaker, a remarkably well informed man, and a model of courtly refinement. He was rich, studiously inclined, possessed a large library, and wrote with ease. He was sent to the Senate of the United States for the third time in 1813, and was re-elected in 1819. He took the lead in opposing the admission of Missouri to the Union as a slave state. In 1825 he was once more sent as minister to the court of St. James.

It is no matter of surprise that the Federalists should have chosen two such men the second time for candidates. In the sixth presidential election, 1809, they were defeated with more *éclat* than in 1805. Both Pinckney and King received forty-seven votes. The tide was rising. Changes had been at work and the democratic waters were troubled. The treason of Aaron Burr, war in Europe, and the embargo had divided public attention during the greater part of Jefferson's second term. In 1807, when half the mercantile world was sealed up by the British, all the other half by the French, and America in a chronic rage at the condition of affairs, Jefferson wrote: "Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put into that polluted vehicle. The real extent of this misinformation is known only to those who are in situations to confront facts within their knowledge with the lies of the day. I really look with commiseration over the great body of my fellow-citizens, who, reading newspapers, live and die in the belief that they have known something of what has been passing in their time; whereas the accounts they have read in newspapers are just as true a history of any other period of the world as of the present, except that the real names of the day are affixed to their fables. I will add, that the man who never looks into a newspaper is better informed than he who reads them; inasmuch as he who knows nothing is nearer to truth than he whose mind is filled with falsehood and errors."

When Jefferson declined to serve for a third term it was a knotty question to determine whether Madison or Monroe should be chosen to succeed him. All the approved appliances for general warfare were brought into requisition, such as personal influence, newspaper articles, and caucus meetings. George Clinton was again defeated in his aspirations for the Presidency; and Monroe's opportunity was deferred. Madison and Clinton, for President and Vice-President, became the nominees; and when the

electoral votes were counted it was found that Madison had received one hundred and twenty-two, and Clinton one hundred and thirteen. Clinton had also received six votes for the Presidency. Three of Clinton's supporters for President—from New York—voted for Madison as Vice-President, and the other three for Monroe.

In 1813 New York again furnished a notable unsuccessful candidate. The country was in the midst of its second war with Great Britain, and



DE WITT CLINTON.

the Presidential contest was animated in the superlative degree. The Federalists adopted De Witt Clinton as their leader, in order effectually to defeat the spirit and policy of an administration which it was claimed had been under French influence and dictation for twelve years. The war disputation had long been the chief point at issue between parties, and the Federalists meanwhile had grown materially in strength, with discord for a steady diet. Matters seemed approaching a terrible crisis. New England declared that the war had been instituted on the most frivolous and

groundless pretenses, and denounced Madison and the whole war party in showers of stinging invectives, and with a degree of violence without parallel in our political history. Josiah Quincy's withering sarcasm in opposing war measures in Congress to the last, led to his being caricatured as a king—a crown upon his head, his coat scarlet, his stockings white silk, two codfishes crossed upon his left breast, and holding a scepter in his hand while proclaiming himself "Josiah the First King of New England, Grand Master of the Noble Order of the Two Codfishes." Governor Caleb Strong of Massachusetts, and Governor Roger Griswold of Connecticut fearlessly refused to honor the President's call for troops, and denied the constitutional validity of the articles of war enacted by Congress. Madison feared, and with good reason, that New England would secede from the Union, for she threatened to negotiate peace for herself alone, and let the rest of the country fight until satisfied. The convention of Federalists that assembled in New York City in September, 1812, to agree upon a candidate, met privately with closed doors. De Witt Clinton was not a Federalist, but he was an advocate for peace. He had already received the nomination from the New York Republicans, a movement opposed with great bitterness by some of the factions of what was the remnant of the old Burr party. The Federalists were tolerably unanimous in their choice of Clinton. They thought him a giant in certain directions. He was only forty-three years of age, and had his candidacy proved a success he would have been the youngest President on record. His public career had commenced earlier than that of most men. He was mayor of New York City at the age of thirty-four, and gave up his seat in the Senate of the United States to accept the office. Since then he had solved grave problems and pushed into successful operation many important schemes of learning and benevolence. He was a weak politician in numerous particulars. He had no gifts for strategy or cunning device, but he could stand abuse like a Christian martyr.

He was one of the most splendid looking men of the age, very tall, with a large, finely proportioned figure, bore himself with dignity, and was deliberate in all his movements. His enemies criticised his manners as savoring too much of arrogance. His shapely head was admirably poised, and attracted attention from the great height and breadth of his forehead; he had beautiful curly chestnut hair, clear, hazel, thoughtful eyes, a Grecian nose, and fair complexion. He was a classical scholar and a man of varied accomplishments; his reading was wide in its range, and he was perfectly familiar with the contents of every volume in his large and valuable library; he was well versed in theology and captivated by science.

Jared Ingersoll, Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, son of Jared Ingersoll, of Connecticut and stamp-act fame, was the nominee for Vice-President.

The results of the election were one hundred and twenty-eight electoral votes for Madison, and eighty-nine for De Witt Clinton. Elbridge Gerry received one hundred and thirteen votes, and duly became Vice-President. Mr. Ingersoll received eighty-six votes.

Within the next four years peace had been declared, and prosperity had returned to bless the American people. The retirement of Madison led to the nomination of Monroe. Rufus King—as before stated—was the opposing and unsuccessful candidate. A portion of the Democracy desired the elevation of Daniel D. Tompkins of New York to the Presidential chair, but he withdrew his name, and was then nominated for Vice-President. New York seemed to have the knack for supplying candidates. The election in 1817 was a marvel of quiet good order. The “era of good feeling” had commenced in earnest. Other subjects than politics occupied the public mind. Monroe and Tompkins each received one hundred and eighty-three votes. At the second election of Monroe in 1821, the very unsuccessful candidate in opposition to him was John Quincy Adams, who received but one solitary vote! Two hundred and thirty votes were given to Monroe, and two hundred and eighteen to Tompkins.

But this serene state of affairs was only the delusive calm before the rising and approaching storm. Party lines had been almost obliterated through the characteristic prudence of President Monroe. Thus when the tenth Presidential campaign was inaugurated, the candidates, John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, and William H. Crawford, singularly enough all subscribed substantially to the same political creed. The struggle was a personal and sectional one rather than of a party nature. There was never any other like it in this country before or since. It bristles with interest from the fact that new parties took their rise from it. In many of its features it was more spirited and agitating than any previous contest except the first election of Jefferson. But there was an absence of rancorous assault upon the individual candidates themselves, that even in this far-away view is refreshing. They had all been in the public service, and in every instance fitness for the distinguished post was conceded. John Quincy Adams, as premier under the courteous, discreet, peace-loving Monroe for eight years, had conducted a dignified and acceptable foreign policy, and was thoroughly conversant with domestic affairs as well. The candidate who most nearly missed a place in our catalogue of the unsuccessful, was William H. Crawford. He had been Secretary of the Treasury nine years, and prior to that period had been for a short time at

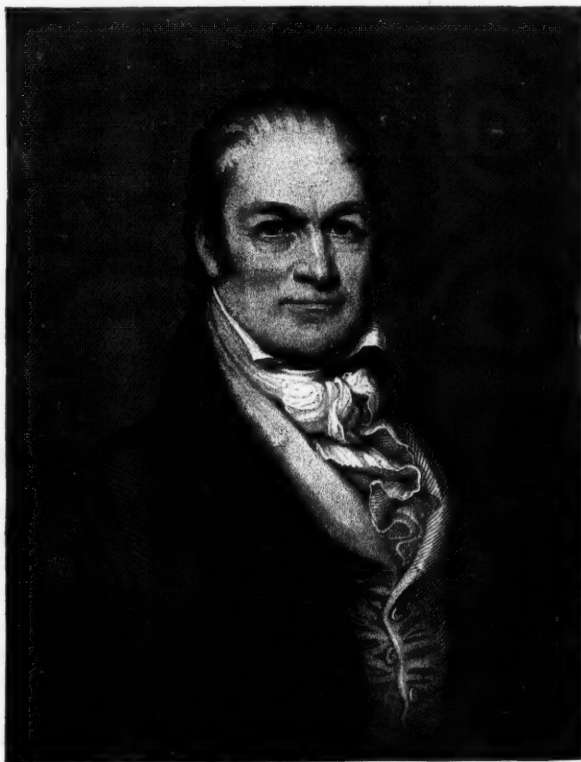
the head of the War Department, also Minister to France, and six years in the Senate of the United States. The country knew him and had faith in him. He was fifty-five years of age, had been educated a lawyer, and while in the early practice of his profession had compiled the first digest of the laws of Georgia—published in 1802. He possessed naturally great force of character, and his intellectual qualities shone to peculiar advantage in the consideration of important and exciting political questions. He was essentially a statesman, and his integrity was of the highest order.

Andrew Jackson was better known to the public as a soldier. His availability for the Presidency was based upon his popularity with that class who always revere a great general. He had freed the land from the savage and swept the invader from the soil. His worst private vice was that of a duelist. He had reached his sixtieth year, a rough, resolute, honest, high-tempered, benevolent, straightforward, capable, and irresistible man, with a peculiar genius for power. He was a product of the wilds of the West, of Irish parentage, became an orphan when a mere lad, was tossed about like a football among the fights and prisons of the Revolution, and finally managed to study law, and speedily rose to such eminence in his profession that in 1798, at the age of thirty-one, he was appointed by the President judge of the Tennessee Supreme Court. He was about an inch over six feet high, slender but graceful, very unhand-some, so to speak, with a long, thin, fair face, and high narrow forehead with reddish hair falling low over it—hair that as he grew older was elevated to a bristling aspect—and eyes of deep brilliant blue. An English writer described him during his Presidency as "tall, bony and thin, with an eye of dangerous fixedness, deep set, and overhung by bushy gray eyebrows; his features are long, his forehead seamed, and his white hair, stiff and wiry, brushed obstinately back, and worn with an expression of bristling bayonets. His mouth has a redeeming suavity when he speaks; but the instant his lips close, a visor of steel would scarcely look more impenetrable."* He was governor of Florida in 1821-2, and United States Senator from 1823 to 1824. But he had no familiarity whatever with the practical machinery of the government departments. The first two Presidents had assisted in laying the foundation of the Republic. The three following, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, had all served in the Department of State; and Adams was thoroughly drilled in the same school.

Henry Clay, for a long series of years the most popular man in the United States, buoyant, imperious, and ambitious, took his first degree as

* This Magazine, in February, 1884 [xi. 104], published the portrait of Jackson.

an unsuccessful candidate on this occasion. The electoral vote was ninety-nine for Jackson, eighty-four for Adams, forty-one for Crawford, and thirty-seven for Clay. Thus the choice of a President must be referred to the House of Representatives. In accordance with a provision of the



WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD.

constitution, only the three highest candidates were to be considered in such an emergency. Henry Clay was consequently excluded. But considering his prospects for the future better served by the Presidency of Adams, he exerted all his influence in favor of that experienced statesman, who was finally chosen ; this allegiance raised a tempest among the friends of Jackson, who accused Clay of having been bought ; and when he accepted the office of Secretary of State the clamor increased, to his serious

injury, although the charge was disproved. John C. Calhoun received one hundred and eighty-two votes in the electoral college for the second office, and consequently became Vice-President.

From the beginning of John Quincy Adams' administration it was very apparent that the unsuccessful candidates would exercise a controlling influence over coming events. The partisans of Crawford were seriously irritated and disaffected, although the critical condition of his health at this juncture precluded the possibility of his assuming the duties of President, had he been chosen. The Jackson men gave expression to their displeasure in a concentrated and bitter opposition to every act of the President, and in re-attacking Clay on all occasions with the charge of political corruption. Their weapons were never allowed to become dull-edged. Atrocious falsehoods traveled far and wide—which the slow truth, as usual, failed in overtaking in time to prevent the mischief intended. In the Senate twenty-seven voted for Clay's confirmation as Secretary of State, and fourteen against it, of whom was Jackson himself. The two parties which thus came into flourishing existence planted their roots deep and firm, with wrath and personal resentment for sustenance, and started on a race destined to continue for many decades. Professing the same constitutional principles, they were fiercely divided on almost every question of public interest. The Jackson men of Tennessee nominated Jackson for the Presidency of 1829 as early as October, 1825, even before Adams had met his first Congress or disclosed his future policy; and Jackson accepted the nomination, and resigned his seat in the Senate. Henceforward, for three years before the Presidential electors could be chosen, the contest was in active progress throughout the country, controlled by the iron will of its chief. The administration proved to be one of the most wealth-producing in the history of the country. Mr. Adams was a great statesman, and his premier was a great statesman. The information which President Adams and Secretary Clay possessed concerning the condition of foreign countries, enabled them to negotiate more treaties within the four years from 1825 to 1829 than during the entire thirty-six years through which the preceding administrations had extended. Various difficulties in relation to navigation and commerce were satisfactorily settled; and spoliation claims were adjusted with Sweden, Denmark and Brazil. President Adams was personally above reproach. But he was cold and formal in his manners, and of so positive a character as never at any time to command popular admiration. On the contrary, Jackson, the western farmer and the stern soldier, was genial and gracious whenever he appeared in public, and his dashing boldness attracted the masses like a magnet. He was carried

triumphantly into the Presidential chair, but not without a battle in which every engine known to political warfare was called into service. Private character was attacked on all sides, and almost everything was said and written that was unworthy and disgraceful. Fortunately, however, only little people perish under abusive criticism.

Adams was now the unsuccessful candidate; he received eighty-three votes, while Jackson rejoiced over one hundred and seventy-eight. John C. Calhoun was again elected Vice-President. Adams was sixty-two at this time, of medium stature, slightly stout, and with every indication of robust health. His complexion was fair, his face intellectual, round and full, and his eyes black and piercing. There was no such word as defeat with him, however unsuccessful as a Presidential candidate. Work, persistent and untiring work, was the secret of his useful career. He was elected in 1830 to the House of Representatives, and for more than sixteen years was one of the principal figures in this branch of the national legislature. There was in all that period scarcely a question involving a point of morality, of national honor, or of literary and philosophical culture in which his voice was not heard.*

President Jackson was a politician rather than a statesman, and his views in relation to public affairs were chiefly matters of instinct instead of argument. His intense personality ruled over all. The important questions before the country at the moment of his accession were sufficient to have agitated the profoundest thinkers the world has ever known, and wise and good men must naturally differ in opinions. Beyond all these considerations, however, Jackson stirred the waters of his administration into a murky turbulence on the start, by inaugurating the custom of removals from office for opinion's sake. Within nine months more than twice as many government officials had been removed as by the six Presidents before him in the whole forty years of their combined rule. During his first year in the Presidential chair nearly seven hundred changes were made. The meaning of "Reform" according to this new dictionary was rewarding friends and punishing enemies. Quarrels in high places and quarrels in all places were perpetual. The new Democrats were a different order of men from the Democrats of the Jeffersonian era. Jackson maintained that the people should everywhere manage their own affairs, and the people rejoiced in a president who was from their own ranks.

Henry Clay was the powerful leader of the opposition, and destined to take his second degree as an unsuccessful candidate in the next Presidential election. The convention system was first introduced in the canvass for

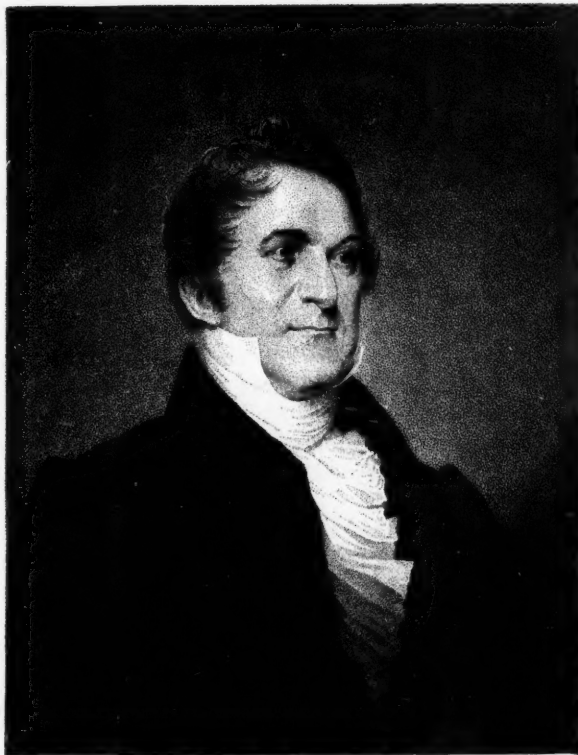
* This Magazine, in February, 1884 [xi. 93], published the portrait of John Quincy Adams.

1833, and the practice of adopting a platform of principles, which has ever since prevailed. Popular feeling is a power hard to resist; the man of small mind will swim with the current. But Clay also possessed the elements of popularity. His birth-place was as rural as that of Jackson; the log school-house where he learned to read and spell was just as primitive, and the boy mounted on a pony going to mill for a bag of meal was fully as picturesque as any of the similar features in Jackson's early career. The same absence of definite education, the study of law, the rapid advance in political life, and similar personal characteristics distinguished the history of these two men. In two adjacent Western States they acquired local influence and permanent strength, and then enrolled their names among the first and highest of the nation. Clay lacked the romantic charm of military heroism, but the nationality of his views, and his long devotion to public life marked him distinctly for the Presidential chair. He was ten years younger than Jackson, lithe, sinewy, and active, with remarkable powers of endurance. Like his great adversary, he had the imperious spirit of a conqueror, and could brook no rival. He could be gentle and conciliatory in social intercourse whenever he desired to please, and was a steadfast friend in the same ratio that he was a bitter and defiant foe. He had been many years in the United States Senate, had declined President Madison's offer of the mission to Russia, and a place in the Cabinet, and President Monroe's offer of the mission to England and a Cabinet office. It was his eloquence in Congress that roused the country for the war of 1812. And his advocacy of a system of internal improvements, the protection of American industry, and a thorough American policy, to the exclusion of European influence on this continent, was remembered with gratitude.

A third party, however, came into the field in the beginning of this canvass; an organization, which originated in western New York, called the Anti-Masons, and it nominated its own President and Vice-President, with the avowed purpose of putting an end to all secret societies. Foremost in these Anti-Mason movements were William H. Seward, who in 1830, at the age of twenty-nine, became a State senator and a leader of the new Whig party, and Thurlow Weed, who had recently begun his editorship of the *Albany Evening Journal*, in opposition to the Albany Regency—a body instituted to manage the Democratic party of New York.

From the "infected district," as the Masons and others styled the region of the birth-place of Anti-Masonry, the party spread like a contagion through the Northern States and some portion of the South. It held the first national convention in 1830, at Philadelphia, in which ten States were represented by ninety-six delegates. It was the original plan to make

ex-Postmaster-General John McLean the Anti-Mason candidate; but in the second convention at Baltimore, in 1831, in which thirteen States were represented by one hundred and twelve delegates, William Wirt received the nomination for President, and Amos Ellmaker for Vice-President. Seward wrote to Mr. Weed from Auburn, October 19, 1831, "The name



WILLIAM WIRT.

of William Wirt added to the splendid names recently enrolled on our banner is destined to be the proudest and most victorious."

The Clay men were sadly out of humor with these proceedings, having all along indulged in the delusion that the Anti-Masons would nominate Clay, or else make no nomination. Now they determined to unite in a desperate effort to break down the Anti-Masons altogether. They as-

sumed the name of National Republicans, and held a convention in Baltimore, in December, 1831—three months after the Anti-Masonic convention. Henry Clay was nominated by a unanimous vote for President, and John Sergeant for Vice-President.

The details of this presidential campaign, if fully written out, would present one of the most extraordinary pictures in our political development. The electioneering processes would read like romance. The wheels within wheels were kept on a perfect whirr. Leading men and renowned orators rode through the country in springless wagons and on horseback—for railroads were not yet—to stir men into action, and increase the popular vote; and in their zeal thought little of swimming rivers or sleeping under hay-stacks if thereby their party could be served. The controversy between the two rival chieftains, the blind devotion of both parties, the inveterate prejudice of each to the other, the eloquent vituperation and inelegant sarcasm of the angry disputants in public places, and the herculean industry of the Anti-Masons in trying to advance the interests of the "blessed spirit," by breaking the ranks of both the Jackson and Clay men, distinguished this election above all others in our annals.

But Jackson, even while vetoing the bill that had passed both Democratic houses of Congress rechartering the Bank of the United States, was the second time borne like an enchanted prince into the presidential chair. He received two hundred and nineteen of the electoral votes; Clay forty-nine; Wirt seven; and John Floyd, governor of Virginia from 1829 to 1834, eleven.

Henry Clay remained in the Senate from 1831 to 1842, and offered the famous resolution of censure when President Jackson commenced his second term by the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States, an act which was pronounced unconstitutional.

William Wirt was a scholarly man of some sixty years, a lawyer by profession, who had served twelve years as Attorney-General of the United States. He specially distinguished himself in the trial of Aaron Burr for treason at Richmond in 1807, and henceforward was considered one of the foremost in his profession. "His style was classic, figurative and flowing, his reasoning powerful, and often overwhelming." He was fond of literary pursuits, and wrote on many subjects with elegance, rapidity, and enthusiasm. He was a man of singular amiability of temperament, and greatly beloved by his friends.

The unsuccessful candidates in 1837 were four in number. Of these, William Henry Harrison received seventy-three votes, Hugh L. White twenty-six, Daniel Webster fourteen, and Willie P. Mangum fourteen.

Martin Van Buren of New York, Vice-President during the last four years, was the winning candidate. He had been the devoted supporter of all Jackson's Democratic measures, presiding over the Senate in the most graceful and parliamentary manner through the tempestuous scenes of his second term. But financial disaster was the grand legacy of Jackson's administration. When the public money which had been withdrawn from the Bank of the United States was deposited in the local banks, it became easy to obtain loans. Speculation extended to every branch of trade, and especially to western lands. New cities were founded in the wilderness, and fabulous prices charged for building-lots. Foreign goods at the same time were imported heavily, for which gold and silver were sent abroad in large quantities. When Jackson, just before retiring from the chair of State, issued his famous "specie circular" requiring payments for the public lands to be made in hard money, gold and silver were swept into the treasury. Consequently business men could not pay their debts. Consternation seized all classes. The storm burst with terrific fury in New York within one month after Van Buren's inauguration. Two hundred and fifty houses suspended during the first three weeks of April. From New York the panic extended all over the Union. The failures in New Orleans reached twenty-seven millions in two days. Even the national government could not pay its debts.

Up to this time the political parties had not openly divided on the question of slavery, although it had created much excitement in Congress. The opposition had taken the name of the Whig party, and were quietly jubilant over the test by which it appeared possible to elect Harrison in the next struggle. He was a man of the people, though not equal to Clay in leadership. But then Clay was a Free Mason, and unacceptable to the Anti-Masons, and his advocacy of the protective tariff made him unpopular in certain portions of the South. He was not willing to have his name used if the cause could be better promoted by any other. Harrison was nominated, with John Tyler for Vice-President. The utmost enthusiasm greeted the announcement. Songs came into vogue that were heard the country through, and once heard were never forgotten. Great meetings were held and so much noise made that the campaign has gone into history as the "shouting campaign." Invention was racked for new methods in which to display the log cabin. In one instance, as an illustration, in a remote Massachusetts mountain town, a public meeting was called in the church. The farmers collected, built a log cabin on wheels, to which they attached eighty yoke of oxen—trimmed with green boughs, and banners, and flowers—and preceded by as many young girls on horseback as

there were States in the Union, this imposing procession marched for miles to the place appointed, the multitude singing on every side the rattling song, with its chorus :

" For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
Tippecanoe and Tyler too ;
With them we will beat little Van,
Van, Van is a used-up man,
And with them we will beat little Van."

The same crude song was repeated, with others similar in style, in the church between the speeches, and this in a pre-eminently religious community. The "log cabin" and "hard cider" were seized as emblems of the simplicity of Harrison's early Western life, and his military reputation, like that of Jackson, "carried him on to fortune." He received two hundred and thirty-four votes, and Van Buren was the unsuccessful candidate, with only sixty.

Daniel Webster as well as Henry Clay participated in this presidential struggle. Webster had recently been in England, where his fame had preceded him, and where his great speech in the Senate against the right of an individual State to nullify an Act of Congress was quoted as next to the Constitution itself the most correct and complete exposition of the true powers and functions of the Federal government. He had not been unwilling to risk being the second time an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency, but circumstances led him to withdraw his name prior to the convention. He was appointed Secretary of State by President Harrison immediately after the election. At the end of two years he resigned, and his great opponent in the State sovereignty doctrine, John C. Calhoun, was his successor, appointed by President Tyler. This eminent statesman and brilliant orator had been Secretary of War in President Monroe's cabinet eight years, Vice-President of the United States eight years, and for a long period in the Senate. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, was graduated from Yale College in 1804, studied law, and soon entered public life. "That young man has talent enough to be President of the United States," said Dr. Dwight, of Yale, before Calhoun had finished his college course. And but for his peculiar doctrine of State rights honestly entertained and earnestly advocated, and his ultra views on the tariff and slavery questions he would have been, through his commanding talents and unspotted integrity, one of the most available of candidates. In arranging the canvass for 1845, Calhoun's name was before the Democratic public, and South Carolina and Georgia were in favor of his nomination. The Whigs were united for Clay, and Calhoun in one or two instances remarked

that nothing could prevent the election of Clay but his own candidacy. The Democrats had been so exasperated at the success of the Whigs in 1841, that every point was guarded in relation to their next choice. Early in January, 1844, Calhoun wrote a letter in which he refused to have his name



J. C. CALHOUN.

go before the nominating convention. But South Carolina cast her votes for him, nevertheless. The adherence of the Democrats to Mr. Van Buren was by no means unanimous, although many were in his favor. The following is an unpublished letter from Henry Clay to Thurlow Weed, dated :

"WASHINGTON, May 6, 1844.

"I do not think I ever witnessed such a state of utter disorder, confusion, and decomposition as that which the Democratic Party now presents. Many believe that this convention will now abandon Mr. Van Buren and take up some one else. That is not my opinion, unless he chooses voluntarily to withdraw, for I think he is really the strongest man of their party.

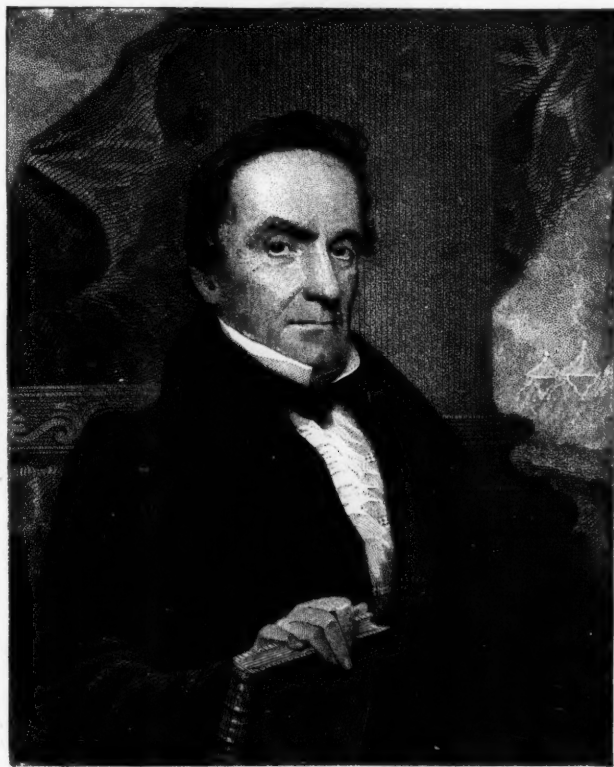
"I am sure you will be pleased to hear from me that I am firmly convinced that my opinion on the Texas question will do me no prejudice at the South."

The Democrats finally agreed upon James K. Polk, of Tennessee, a comparatively unknown man, who would excite no antagonisms, and be acceptable to the South. The Abolitionists held a convention at Buffalo and nominated James G. Birney, of New York, as their candidate, but he was so supremely unsuccessful as not to receive one electoral vote, although the popular vote for him was considerable. The canvass was nearly as exciting as some of its predecessors, and it was noisy in the extreme. It differed from that of 1841, in that both parties shouted and went about singing songs. The Democrats gained the victory, and the Whigs charged them with fraud. Polk received one hundred and seventy electoral votes, and Henry Clay one hundred and five. Thus the candidate who was unquestionably the most brilliant and popular man in the United States at this period, was for the third time the unsuccessful candidate.

The annexation of Texas followed the accession of President Polk; the way for it had been prepared by Secretary Calhoun, and joint resolutions adopted by the Senate were approved by President Tyler three days before the close of his administration. This act provoked the Mexican war, and the Mexican war gave to the country its next President, and its second Whig victory.

The unsuccessful candidate in 1849 was the Democratic nominee, Lewis Cass. He was a man of marked ability, and stood well before the public. Born in 1782 in Exeter, New Hampshire, he had acquired an academic education, studied law, crossed the Alleghany mountains on foot, and commenced practice in Zanesville before he was twenty-one. With the war of 1812 he distinguished himself in military affairs, and subsequently was eighteen years Governor of Michigan. In 1831 he became Secretary of War, and served as Minister to France from 1836 to 1842, since when he had been in the Senate of the United States. His career resembles that of John Quincy Adams in length and in its various vicissitudes. He was re-elected to the Senate after his defeat in the Presidential election of 1849, where he remained until appointed Secretary of State under President Buchanan. His purity of private life, temperance, scholarly habits, literary

tastes, and philosophical tendencies rendered him one of the interesting men of his time. In the Presidential test he received a very large popular vote, and one hundred and twenty-seven electoral votes, but General Taylor received one hundred and sixty-three votes, and was declared President, and Millard Fillmore was elected Vice-President.



LEWIS CASS.

In the canvass for 1853 both parties had an uncomfortable time in the matter of selecting candidates. The Whigs desired Webster, for he was the greatest statesman of the party; but it was feared that his relations to the fugitive slave law and his famous seventh of March speech would seriously interfere with his prospects for election.

The Democrats preferred General Cass, but hesitated in their choice

lest he fail again to win. Both parties desired to ignore the slavery question, but in spite of their efforts to suppress it, the subject grew aggressive, and obtruded its "seven heads and ten horns" into every political assemblage. The Democratic convention was in session six days, and on the forty-ninth ballot Franklin Pierce was nominated. The Whigs were in



WINFIELD SCOTT.

a worse predicament; for when they assembled in convention two weeks later they voted fifty-three times before the question was decided. Their nominee was the veteran General Winfield Scott. He was a prominent figure before the American people, and notwithstanding his acknowledged weaknesses, was a military hero who commanded the respect and confidence

of the masses. Nor was his reputation confined to the limits of his own country; he had friends and admirers in other lands. "At this time," wrote John W. Forney, "there was no personage at the capital who looked like a great man so much as General Scott. He was in his sixty-seventh year, and his history was as eventful as his appearance was distinguished. Of lofty, almost gigantic stature, erect and soldierly, with a face (now before us in an engraving) like the best of the antique medallions, he was, with all his vanity, most cultivated and captivating. He had seen much of society and men. In his youth a soldier and a lady's man, he had read a great deal, and remembered what he read. Born in Virginia, his grandfather was a Scotchman of the Clan Buccleugh, who fled across the Atlantic 'with a small purse' of borrowed money, and 'a good stock of Latin, Greek, and Scotch jurisprudence.' His father died a captain in the Revolutionary army when Winfield was six years old. He was well educated, and especially in the classics. He was an impulsive correspondent, and could hardly keep out of print. His 'hasty-plate-of-soup' letters made sad havoc in the ranks of his friends during his candidacy for President."

The anti-slavery organization held a convention and nominated John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, who was destined to be an unsuccessful candidate. The popular vote for him was upward of twice as large as that for Birney in 1845, but he received not one electoral vote. General Scott received forty, and declared himself profoundly thankful for his defeat. General Pierce received two hundred and fifty, and was therefore elected. The popular vote, however, for Pierce, was but slightly in excess of that for Scott.

Martha J Lamb

AN OLD COLONIAL COLLEGE

There is often an unconscious pathos in some casual paragraph in a daily newspaper; but not often does the busy journalist, in his hurried midnight work, have to chronicle the probable occurrence of an event so unusual and so suggestive as the death of an ancient college. The "paragraphers" of our journals, a few months ago, hardly knew how much of quaint and courtly history they were summarizing when they wrote, in three lines: "Williamsburg College of Virginia, once a strong seat of learning, although local in character, has gone completely to decay. Last year it had but a single student, and now it has not even one." This announcement, to be sure, has proved to be premature, but the fortunes of the old college are still precarious, and its fate uncertain.

The institution was the first American college to receive a royal charter; it was the first planned by English colonists in any part of the world; and the first, save one, in actual establishment. Washington was once its chancellor, though not one of its graduates; and his interest in it was unflagging from the time when it gave him, then an ambitious youth bound for the western wilds, his commission as surveyor. Three other presidents of the United States—Jefferson, Monroe, and Tyler—studied within its walls; and Jefferson, before he established his pet University of Virginia, long cherished the idea of making the college at Williamsburg the university of his dreams. Once the richest of American schools, it fell at last into almost hopeless poverty; once surrounded by the nobility and gentry of England's most aristocratic colony, it finally became a little more than a grammar-school for an impoverished community. In the middle of the eighteenth century it was a source of sound learning and the seat of an important colonial press; but in 1884 it has left in its town—indeed, in its whole vicinity—not one newspaper to chronicle its fallen fortunes. Though two great wars battered against the doors of its thrice-burned building, it lived until a time of profound peace, and of increased hope for the material prosperity of Virginia.

The College of William and Mary, at Williamsburg, Virginia, was chartered and began its career in 1693. A period of one hundred and ninety-one years hardly seems long at Oxford, or Cambridge, or Vienna, or Prague, or Heidelberg; but measured in American annals that period is almost a century longer than the constitutional life of the United States, and

more than two-thirds as long as the existence of Englishmen on American soil. To Americans, at least, this college has therefore seemed both ancient and venerable; older than Yale, Columbia, or Dartmouth, and hoar indeed beside such yesterday-growths as the Universities of Michigan, Cornell, and Johns Hopkins. Nor is its age its only claim to a modest place in its country's history: its environment in the historic peninsula of "tide-water Virginia" would have made interesting a college less creditable in itself. Three miles south of the battle-scarred college building is the deserted island of Jamestown, whose ruined church-tower marks the site of the settlement of 1607, the first made by Englishmen on American soil; and ten miles eastward is that poor village of Yorktown, where the Revolutionary war ended. Williamsburg itself, a "city" of fifteen hundred inhabitants, was the capital and chief place of Virginia until 1799; and its eighteenth century inhabitants used to be proud of the resemblance which, in their loyal fancy, its "court" and governor bore to St. James' and to royalty itself.

There is a common impression that no attempt was made to establish a college in America before the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay opened Harvard College at Newtown, in imitation of the English Cambridge from which many of them had come. But seventeen years earlier, in 1619, English bishops raised fifteen hundred pounds for the purpose of starting an Indian college in Virginia; and at an earlier time fifteen thousand acres of land had been appropriated for the same purpose, through the efforts of Sir Edwin Sandys, the leading English promoter of Virginian colonization. Had this school been permitted to begin its life, it was intended to bestow upon it the honorable name of university. So certain did its establishment appear that its site was selected, near the present city of Richmond; and a preparatory school was planned at Charles City, which was also to receive an endowment of land. The spirit of the university, if no more, was transferred from England to America in the person of George Thorpe, "a gentleman of his majesty's privy chamber"; but it was quenched when, on March 22, 1622, the Indians, for whom the establishment was chiefly designed, killed Mr. Thorpe and three or four hundred of his fellow-colonists. From such a blow the yet unorganized school could not recover, and the Virginia cavaliers seem to have been sadly contented to let the Massachusetts sons of old Cambridge outstrip them in setting up a place of learning on the new soil. In 1660, however, the "grand assembly," or Virginia parliament, at James City, took up the idea anew, and duly resolved that the lack of a learned ministry was a great evil; that a steady supply of clergy from England could hardly be expected; and that

a "college and free school" be therefore established in Virginia, "with as much speed as may be convenient, housing erected thereon for entertainment of students and schollers." A petition was presented to Charles II for letters patent for the collecting of money in England, and also for his majesty's request that Oxford and Cambridge universities would meanwhile furnish the Church of England in America with ministers. The governor, council, and burgesses subscribed money and tobacco toward the same end. Further legislation followed the next year, and a site for the college was selected "at a certaine place within this government known by the name of Townsend's Land." The royal charter was, however, not given until after William and Mary had come to the throne. It was finally granted on the eighth day of February, 1693, in the fourth year of their reign. The cause of this further delay of thirty-two years is not clearly apparent, but that it was not wholly disadvantageous is shown by the fact that "Townsend's Land," a locality near Yorktown, on the York River, had meanwhile been found to be unwholesome, and that "Middle Plantations, now Williamsburg," was therefore the location substituted.

The idea of giving the colonists this chance for getting an education had been by no means welcome to some in authority in Virginia. Sir William Berkeley, one of the governors, deplored the poor quality of the ministers sent from England, and was not unfavorable to the establishment of a college for the instruction of their successors; but his idea of the best education of the children of the people was that they should be taught by their parents at home. "I thank God," said he, in a somewhat celebrated exclamation, "there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have, these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!" The worthy governor apparently prided himself upon his ability as a logician. A similar enlightened spirit dictated the words of Mr. Attorney-General Seymour, when Dr. James Blair, the first president of the college, brought to him the royal command to issue the charter. The money bestowed on the new college, in Seymour's opinion, might much better be spent on the costly wars in which England was then engaged. The good divine tried to show to the attorney-general that ministers were needed in Virginia; that the college would supply them; and that the ministers, when supplied, would give spiritual comfort to the souls which, Dr. Blair reminded Seymour, existed even in a colony. "Souls!" cried Seymour in a repartee which history has not let die, "damn their souls, let them make tobacco!" But Dr. Blair's mission was successful; the charter was duly signed; and a

good financial endowment was granted the new school. The contributions of the king and queen were £1,985 14s. 10d., raised from the quit-rents of the colony; also a penny a pound on tobacco exported from Virginia and Maryland (the fees and privileges of the office of surveyor-general of Virginia), and ten thousand acres of Virginia land. The college exercised its functions as surveyor-general for many years, and, as has been stated, gave George Washington his surveyor's commission. Other moneys had previously been raised; £2,500 was given by Virginia colonists and English merchants in 1688 and 1689; and the prospects at the start were certainly sufficiently encouraging. The connection of the college with the tobacco-tax was a profitable one, for there were as yet no signs of the impoverishment of tobacco-lands, which was subsequently caused by the short-sighted policy of which Thomas Jefferson so bitterly complained.

It is worthy of remembrance that the course of study established and since maintained at the college was for a period of three years, instead of four; and to this imitation of Oxford and Cambridge was added another privilege enjoyed by William and Mary College alone among American institutions of learning: that of representation in the House of Burgesses, or colonial legislature. The election of its representative was by the faculty of the college; he must be one of their own number, or a member of the board of visitors, or "one of the better sort of inhabitants of the colony," as ran the aristocratic phrase.

Another feather in the cap of this new servant of science and art was that the first college building was planned by Sir Christopher Wren. It was 136 feet long, with one wing, and was designed to be the first part of a quadrangle. Sir Christopher's plans were "adapted to the nature of the country by the gentlemen there," an early chronicler tells us; and the same authority adds that the building was "not altogether unlike Chelsea Hospital." In the newly completed building were held the Commencement exercises of 1700, which were celebrated with as much pomp as the resources of the colony would permit. Planters came in coaches, and distant New York and Pennsylvania, as well as accessible Maryland, were represented among the spectators. "His Majesty's Royal College of William and Mary" had certainly been born with a golden spoon in its mouth; and its glory was further increased by its selection as the seat of the Virginia General Assembly. In 1705, unfortunately, the building caught fire, and was destroyed, with its library and physical apparatus. Neither of these could have been very extensive, but the blow was a severe one. It is a curious coincidence that another of the few fires which have injured American colleges—that which destroyed Harvard Hall in 1764—came, as

did this, at a time when the colonial legislature had been holding its sessions in the academic walls. For the Harvard fire the colony held itself responsible, and contributed liberally toward the replacement of the building and its contents.

It is considered certain that the Williamsburg college was rebuilt within the original walls, and that the restored building was not unlike its predecessor. This was not finished for eighteen years, as money and masons were lacking. But new grants and donations were made from time to time during the eighteenth century; the amounts and donors need not be recapitulated. It is enough to say that the college of William and Mary, like Harvard, Dartmouth, King's College, the University of Pennsylvania, and other American institutions, did not look in vain to English benefactors, and that in the Virginia college, as under the special care of the Church of England, the dignitaries of that body took a particular interest. Until 1776 its presidents were called the "commissaries," or colonial representatives of the successive bishops of London; and after that war several bishops of Virginia were heads of the college. The morals of its clerical graduates were considerably better than those of some of their English predecessors. Too many of the Anglican clergy in Virginia, before the establishment of the college, had been idle, drunken, and over-fond of gambling and the chase—the moral quality of the young ministers educated at William and Mary and sent to England for ordination merely, was thought to be materially higher.

The character of the education given at the college cannot be exactly ascertained; as at Harvard and Yale, it was undoubtedly poor in itself, and naturally poor in comparison with that which was then offered at the English universities. Nor is it plain that many students availed themselves of even those facilities which they had, nor that all the instructors had any marked success in inspiring enthusiasm. Of course the manufacture of Latin verses was early undertaken; it was, indeed, a condition upon which the college received 20,000 acres of land, that the faculty should annually present, on Guy Fawkes' Day, two copies of Latin verses to the governor or lieutenant-governor of the Dominion of Virginia. This presentation was made with a good deal of display; the faculty and students marched in procession to the governor's "palace"; the verses were "presented" by the president, and declaimed by two students. The governors, in return, took some interest in the affairs of the college, in proof of which we are informed that Lord Botetourt—by far the best of the Virginia chief magistrates—attended morning and evening prayers in the college chapel. The same popular governor founded a philosophical prize in the college, and a

bronze statue commemorating him is owned by the college to-day. This statue has had an unquiet history; during the Revolutionary war it escaped the fate of absolute destruction, which befell the effigy of George III in New York; but suffered the less indignity of having its head and one arm knocked off. During the civil war of 1861-1865 it was removed for safety to the grounds of the Eastern Lunatic Asylum, at Williamsburg; but was later restored to the college grounds. If its presentation is correct, Lord Botetourt's face showed that strength and winsomeness of character which endeared him to the colonial heart.

Meanwhile the experiment of Indian instruction was carried on at the college, in accordance with the original plan. An English observer, in 1724, came to the conclusion that the Indians have "admirable capacities when their humors and tempers are perfectly understood;" but his picture of their life at Williamsburg is not a very bright one. Many sickened and died, and not all of those who lived to return to their tribes retained their fondness for the arts of civilization. Those two trials beset those who were seeking to educate the Indians at other places, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and indeed they still exist to a certain extent. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that it is at Hampton Institute, Virginia, only a few miles from Williamsburg, that Indian education has been attended with excellent results within the past ten years.

By the middle of the eighteenth century the college could boast a solid house for its president, and a chapel, in which were afterward buried not a few of the great men of the colony, among whom were Bishop Madison, the first head of the Episcopal Church in Virginia; Peyton Randolph, first president of the American Congress; and Lord Botetourt. A few rods from the college still stands the old brick Christ Church, Bruton Parish—the oldest church edifice now in regular use in Virginia, and the oldest but one in erection. On its walls four mural tablets commemorate departed worthies, and in the adjoining church-yard lie representatives of many a courtly old Virginia family. Gray's own soul would have delighted in the coats-of-arms and quaint sculptures adorning some of the crumbling tombs.

To return to mundane affairs, it was in 1726 that the House of Burgesses granted the college the proceeds of a tax on liquors, to be applied to its running expenses, and to the establishment of scholarships. A quarter of a century later the same benevolent body enriched the college with "the proceeds of the tax on peddlers." Those who are inclined to throw stones at the source of these benefactions, should remember that Harvard University has more than once profited by the gains of an authorized lottery, receiving more than \$18,000 from such a source as late as 1805. Yet,

though money was coming in at William and Mary College, some contemporary accounts rather go to show that religion was simultaneously going out. Charges and counter-charges affecting gubernatorial supervisors of the college, and other officers, were not unknown for many years; and Thomas Jefferson, the most eminent graduate of the college, and its cordial friend, in advanced life remembered the "regular annual riots and battles between the students and the town-boys;" and bore testimony to other greater evils. From one source and another have come down to us complaints that the college was neither a college, nor a grammar-school, nor an Indian hospital; that its teachers squabbled among themselves, to the detriment of their academic work; and that some of the professors, sent out by the bishops of London, were drunken, quarrelsome, and ignorant of the subjects they professed to teach; while the "best students went hunting on Sundays." In 1722 Dr. Blair had felicitated himself on the fact that Virginia was not "infested" with the enemies of the Christian faith, "so that we have little or no occasion in our sermons," he said, "to enter the lists with atheists, deists, Arians, or Socinians, nor are we troubled with either Popish or Protestant recusants, or any of those unhappy distinctions by which the Church of England is most unfortunately subdivided." In spite of this pleasing picture, it is evident that twenty-five or fifty years later, the orthodoxy of some of the guardians of the college was superior to their intellectual attainments, and their attainments superior to their morals. The college had an income of £4,000, ample, certainly, for the care of sixty students; but money did not make morals, and not until Jefferson's undergraduate days were over did the college throw off its internal diseases. In 1769, James Madison, afterward President of the United States, was sent from Virginia to Princeton College, in New Jersey, because his parents feared the infidelity which was said to reign among the students at William and Mary. It cannot be said that at this time good work was not done in the college, by good men and for good students; but the pages of its history, like those of the history of all colonial Virginia, bore too many blots. It can only be urged that the college, though marred by faults and disgraced by positive evils, had within itself the seeds of future reform—offering considerable opportunities to those who would accept them, and rendering to its country, in spite of all faults, a service not likely to be over-appreciated by the cold historical students of to-day.

But, after all, if it had done nothing but to train Thomas Jefferson, its work at that time would have been well worth doing. Jefferson was undoubtedly the best educated of all the presidents of the United States, not excepting John Quincy Adams. Some men lend honor to their colleges

from the mere fact of their quondam residence thereat, but without any debt to the college for benefits actually received. Such was not the case with Jefferson. In after life he proved to be a statesman in a true sense; a scientific man of more than superficial attainments; a scholar in ancient and modern history; the pioneer in introducing the German university system in America; the master of a good English style; an amateur of fair musical ability; and a political economist who was able to give sound advice on questions of social development. It is not too much to say that the foundations of his various intellectual successes were laid at William and Mary. The surroundings of the college, at the time of his arrival in Williamsburg, were not in all respects prepossessing, nor was its internal condition one of ideal excellence. But Williamsburg, though boasting no more than three hundred houses and a thousand inhabitants, was the largest town young Jefferson had ever seen. Its muddy streets were avenues in his rustic eyes, and its modest architectural displays—the governor's palace, the parish church, the college, and the capitol—seemed to him in many ways notable. The somewhat gay society of the place attracted him at once, and he took part in many a dance in the old "Apollo Room" of the Raleigh Tavern, which was subsequently the scene of several pre-Revolutionary conclaves. The legislators of the colony assembled once a year; the courts attracted the most brilliant lawyers of Virginia; and the "aristocracy" of the place, which for two centuries has prided itself on its courtly ways, afforded to the country lad many a silent lesson in manners. The six-horse coaches, the state clothes of the men, and the particularly gorgeous array of those "belles of Williamsburg" celebrated by a Virginia poet, dazzled his eyes and fired his ambition. In the capitol, when an undergraduate, Jefferson could stand in the lobby and learn the art of oratory; and there, on a May day in 1765, he heard Patrick Henry make that speech which is still familiar to every young American who "speaks his piece" in school. Jefferson, then twenty-two years old, had become a friend of Henry before either of them visited Williamsburg; and the fiery young orator was Jefferson's guest at the time of the delivery of the well-known speech.

Nor was Jefferson only indebted, or chiefly indebted, to the *surroundings* of the college. One of the instructors at William and Mary soon became a sort of Rugby Arnold to the young man, and deeply influenced his studies and plans. Jefferson himself tells us: "It was my great good fortune, and what probably fixed the destinies of my life, that Dr. William Small, of Scotland, was then professor of mathematics—a man profound in most of the useful branches of science, with a happy talent of com-

munication, correct and gentlemanly manners, and an enlarged, liberal mind. He, most happily for me, soon became attached to me, and made me his daily companion when not engaged in the school; and from his conversation I got my first views of the system of things in which we are placed." This Dr. Small afterward returned to England, and became an intimate friend of Erasmus Darwin. How well Jefferson profited by his instruction is told us by John Page, subsequently governor of Virginia, who says that "Mr. Jefferson would tear himself away from his dearest friends to fly to his studies." Professor Small made Jefferson so zealous a student of mathematics that the pupil, in after life, declared mathematics the "passion of his life." Jefferson and his instructor talked, walked, and dined together; and the professor, who was an intimate friend of Francis Fauquier, then lieutenant-governor of Virginia, often took his young student to Fauquier's house, where there was plenty of music, and also plenty of that conversation which is usually described by the adjective "superior." Fauquier, Small, Jefferson, and a fourth friend, George Wythe, afterward an eminent Virginian jurist, met almost daily; and the influence of each upon each was great and constant. As for his associates, Jefferson felt, he says, the "incessant wish" to become what they were. And yet it is said that Jefferson worked in the college, at times, "fifteen hours a day." His horseback exercise had at first been regular and prolonged, but under the stimulus of Professor Small's instruction—though against his counsel, we may be sure—this amount of out-door recreation was steadily reduced. But no amount of intellectual work could induce Jefferson to give up his violin; and to the restful influence of music, the charms of good society, and the sanitary effect of honest enthusiasm we may ascribe the preservation of that sound health on which he always prided himself.

The work of the college in the war of the Revolution was not confined to that done by Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence. Four signers of the Declaration—George Wythe, Benjamin Harrison, Carter Braxton, and Thomas Nelson—were among its graduates; and others prominent in councils or in arms were John Marshall, James Monroe (President of the United States), Governor John Tyler, Peyton Randolph, Theodorick Bland, Charles Harrison, John Page, Edmund Randolph, John Taylor, and Beverly Randolph. Nor was the Revolutionary offering of the college confined to the graduates whose services it gave; it sent three professors and thirty students to the army; it lost nearly all of its endowment because of the depreciation of paper money; and its chief building was fired, and its president's house burned, during an occupation

by French troops in 1781. The exercises of the college were suspended during the summer before the siege of Yorktown, hence the French occupation. The government of France made good this loss.

During the Revolution occurred an interesting non-martial event: the establishment of the parent chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa society. It first met in the Apollo Room of the Raleigh Tavern, December 5, 1776. That its centennial was not observed in the year of centennials was an unfortunate neglect on the part of the many existing chapters of this oldest of American college societies.

After the Revolution the poor, rent college enjoyed a period of peace for eighty years, and was able to do good serviceable work, undisturbed, until 1861, when, of course, its doors were again closed. In the fall of 1862, some months after the battle of Williamsburg, the main building was burned by drunken stragglers of the United States army, acting without orders. Strenuous efforts have been made from time to time—notably by Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts—to secure the grant of a sum of money to the college by the government, in consequence of this loss. These efforts have been unsuccessful, not so much from ill-will to the college as from the belief that a dangerous precedent would be established by the restitution.

During the civil war nearly the entire college enlisted in the Confederate army. Besides the burning of the main building, during the fighting around Williamsburg, other houses in the college grounds were burned or dismantled, and at the close of the war little remained save the wreck of former greatness. Its loss seemed the worse because in 1859, just before the outbreak of hostilities, an accidental fire had burned the inside of the old hall, which had been restored within a year.

Notwithstanding all its misfortunes, the college was reopened at the close of the war; subscriptions of money and gifts of books came from both Southern and Northern States, and also from England; a new faculty was elected; and an old bequest of the eighteenth century was made available by an English court. Since that time the college and its grammar school have done a useful though modest work for the young men and boys of the immediate vicinity, few students coming from a distance. Its final decline has been due to continued lack of means, to the increasing impression that "tide-water Virginia" is a malarious region, and to successful rivalry on the part of the University of Virginia and Washington and Lee University. Both these colleges, and even such lesser Virginia institutions as Roanoke College, have received from the North large gifts, which old William and Mary might better have had.

Has the college any future? Perhaps not, although it has outlived many dark days. It was hoped that the Yorktown Centennial of 1881 would attract attention to it, and steps were taken to repair its financial condition, in connection with that anniversary; but for some reason the efforts proved barren of results. Another scheme, broached two or three years ago, was to make the college a department of the University of the South, an Episcopal institution at Sewanee, Tennessee; transferring thither its name and portable effects. This idea, which has apparently been dropped, doubtless originated with Rev. Dr. George T. Wilmer, formerly the Episcopal minister at Williamsburg and a professor in the college, but now a member of the faculty of the University of the South. Certain small properties, and a most honorable name, remain at William and Mary, but it must be confessed that the future looks dark.

But around the Williamsburg of 1884 still cluster memories that cannot die. Its broad "Duke of Gloucester Street," three quarters of a mile long and one hundred and sixty feet wide, lined with ancient houses of wood or brick, still seems to the imagination peopled with the gentry and grand dames of the colonial days; on the site of its burned capitol one half hears the fiery words of Patrick Henry; the one lone chimney remaining of the Governor's Palace points upward with the same silent lesson taught, three miles away, by the deserted old tower of Jamestown church; the colonial powder-magazine, now used as a stable, tells of Revolutionary days; the parish church, two hundred years old, reminds us of the wigged and brocaded worshipers of the old régime; and the Wythe house, Washington's headquarters, speaks of the closing days of that great war which ended on this peninsula. And the college itself—to-day it is deserted and half-forgotten; but its little light, like that of some star which perished long ago, is still shining as though its source were not quenched.*

Charles F. Richardson.

* In preparing this article, the writer has been under obligation to the pamphlet "History of the College of William and Mary"; Richmond: J. W. Randolph & English, 1874.

BUTTON GWINNETT

With the exception of the last five or six years, which were rendered somewhat memorable by an active participation in the events connected with the inception and progress of the Revolution in Georgia, and by his tragic death, Button Gwinnett appears to have spent his life in tranquillity and without special mark. Aside from the Constitution adopted by the Georgia Convention in 1777, which is generally supposed to have been, in large measure, the offspring of his thought and political sagacity, we have no monument either of his literary or public effort. He wrote and spoke but seldom, and his signatures are esteemed among the rarest of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

His birth in England occurred almost contemporaneously with the planting of the colony of Georgia, at Savannah, by the illustrious Oglethorpe. That his education was not neglected may be accepted as a fact, although it was perhaps not so liberal as to have inclined him to the adoption of one of the learned professions. In early manhood he engaged in mercantile pursuits in Bristol, England. This city, however, in a spirit of adventure, he soon abandoned and became a resident of Charles-Town, South Carolina. Here, for a season, he resumed his avocation as a merchant; but, ere long, attracted by the growing importance of the younger Province of Georgia, he transferred his hopes and his property to Savannah, its commercial metropolis. There, as early as 1765, we find him established in the business of a general trader. It was a place of limited means, and trifling were the ventures of its most prosperous merchants.

The establishment of a convenient highway connecting the town of Savannah with the Scotch settlement at Darien, on the Altamaha River, tended largely to the development and the population of the intermediate swamp region, which was very fertile and well adapted to the cultivation of rice, cotton, corn, indigo, and vegetables and fruits of various sorts. The regulation prohibiting the introduction of negro slaves into the Province of Georgia had been abrogated, and former restrictions upon the alienation of lands had been removed. Thus encouraged, and allured by the agricultural advantages of this portion of the Province, colonists from other plantations flocked in and possessed themselves of the rich deltas of the Great Ogeechee, the Midway, and the North Newport rivers. The accession of the Dorchester congregation—consisting of some three hundred and fifty

whites and fifteen hundred negroes—materially enhanced the wealth and increased the population of this Midway District. It contributed to the rising importance of the village of Sunbury, situated upon a bold and beautiful bluff on Midway River, which, overlooking the placid waters of that stream and the intervening low-lying marshes, descries in the distance the green woods of Bermuda Island, the dim outline of the southern point of Ossabaw, and, across the sound, the white shores of St. Catharine.

When the claim of Mary Bosomworth * was finally adjusted, this island of St. Catharine, upon which she had fixed her home, was acknowledged to be her individual property. Apparently dissatisfied with his mercantile pursuits, and anxious to avail himself of the attractions offered by the Midway District, fast becoming the most influential parish in the Province, Gwinnett, about 1770, converted his property into money and purchased this island from Thomas and Mary Bosomworth. Including some cattle, horses, hogs, lumber, and a plantation-boat, the cost of these premises amounted to £5,250. With some negro slaves he there established a plantation and turned his attention to agriculture. Indigo, rice, corn and lumber were the staple commodities of the region. His residence was in easy access to Sunbury, then the rival of Savannah in population and commercial importance. With Dr. Lyman Hall—the leading physician in the community, and one of the earliest and most influential “Sons of Liberty” in the Province—he contracted a strong personal and political friendship. To this association may probably be referred the active interest which Gwinnett soon manifested in the political fortunes of the Province, then on the eve of a mighty revolution.

His first public service of which we find any mention was rendered as a delegate from the Parish of St. John to the Provincial Congress which convened in Savannah on the 20th of January, 1776. By that Congress was he selected, in association with Archibald Bulloch, John Houstoun, Lyman Hall, and George Walton, as a delegate to the Continental Congress. In that national assembly he appeared on the 20th of the following May, and, as one of the members from Georgia, affixed his signature to the Declaration proclaiming the independence of the United Colonies.

With the framing and passage of the Constitution of 1777, which for twelve years defined and supported the rights of Georgia as an independent State, Button Gwinnett had much to do. In truth, he was regarded as the parent of that instrument; the provisions of which were,

* Her Indian name was Cowsaponckesa. Claiming to be of royal blood, she was in turn the wife of John Musgrove, Jacob Matthews, and of the Rev. Thomas Bosomworth, at one time chaplain to Oglethorpe's regiment. She had rendered various and valuable services to the colonists.

in the main, well considered, wise, and adapted to the emergency. Not a few of them have withstood the changes of more than a century. To the present day are their beneficial influences recognized and approved.

In February, 1777, Archibald Bulloch,—the first Republican President and Commander-in-Chief of Georgia,—who was a tower of strength to the Revolutionists,—whose personal integrity, high sense of honor, patriotism, admirable executive abilities, honesty of thought and purpose, sturdy manhood, unquestioned courage, and comprehensive views of the public good were invaluable in shaping the conduct and maintaining the dignity of the infant Commonwealth—who, with ceremonies the most august, had promulgated the Declaration of Independence in Savannah, and in all his acts had commanded the respect, confidence and devotion of his fellow citizens,—passed away suddenly, the lamp of liberty in his hand trimmed and burning, his noble character, exalted impulses and brave deeds constituting a precious legacy to his people. The infant State was filled with mourning.

By the Council of Safety was Gwinnett, on the 4th of March, 1777, elected President and Commander-in-Chief of Georgia in the place of President Bulloch. In that capacity was he to serve until such time as a governor could be duly appointed in obedience to existing constitutional provisions. Thus had he rapidly attained unto the highest honor within the gift of the commonwealth.

Prior to this elevation a resolution had been adopted by the General Assembly to add three battalions of infantry and a squadron of dragoons to the Georgia troops serving on the Continental establishment, and to form them into a brigade. Colonel Lachlan McIntosh was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general and assigned to the command of these forces. Gwinnett had been a candidate for this position, and he became thoroughly embittered by McIntosh's success. When he assumed the reins of government he permitted not his anger to slumber. In order to mortify the military pride of his adversary and to impair his influence, he impressed upon the public mind the danger of investing army officers and court-martial with powers which could possibly be withheld from them and intrusted to the civil authorities. Acting upon this theory he intervened in military matters to such an extent that he seriously impaired the discipline of the troops and incited among the officers a spirit of insubordination toward the commanding general. Thus, when an officer was charged with an offense, either civil or military, Gwinnett claimed the right of trying him before the Executive Council. If detailed for special duty, or assigned to a temporary command of moment, he insisted that he

should take his orders from the president and council. The effect of all this, as may well be imagined, was demoralizing to the army and most galling to General McIntosh.

Anxious to signalize his administration by a feat of arms, Gwinnett planned an expedition against East Florida. The prospect of retaliation was pleasing to the public, and in the breast of the president there lurked an ambitious hope that he would be able to overrun and subdue that sparsely populated province and annex it to Georgia. Instead of intrusting its command to General McIntosh, who, as the ranking military officer of the State, was clearly entitled to expect and to claim it, Gwinnett, heaping affront upon affront, set him aside and determined in person to lead the expedition. His deliberate purpose was, with the militia of the State and the Continental troops then stationed in Georgia, to form an army of invasion without consulting General McIntosh on the subject or even allowing him to accompany his brigade. The movement was to be immediate. Proclamations were printed which he proposed to scatter broadcast though the land so soon as he crossed the river St. Mary. He labored under the impression that to insure success and encourage the inhabitants to a change of government nothing would be needed save to hoist the standard of liberty in Florida and make a show of a supporting army. Persuaded, however, that the province of East Florida was in a large measure peopled by loyalists from Georgia and South Carolina, that no reliance for subsistence could be placed upon the products of the region, and that an accumulation of supplies was requisite before he could venture upon the expedition, he abandoned his scheme as at first chimerically entertained.

Still intent upon the consummation of his ambitious project, and reiterating his resolution to lead the army in person, he assembled his council, denominating it for the time being a *council of war*, and concerted the following plan of operations: Sawpit Bluff, twelve miles from the mouth of the river St. John, was designated as the place, and the 12th of May as the time for the rendezvous of the forces which were to participate in the contemplated reduction of East Florida. Colonel Baker, with the Georgia militia, was to march by land, while Colonel Elbert, embarking four hundred of the Continental troops in three galleys and several small boats, was to repair by water to the point indicated. Having, with great difficulty, crossed the Altamaha River at Fort Howe, Colonel Baker moved with only one hundred and nine men in the execution of the order intrusted to him. Near Nassau River he was defeated by Colonels Brown and McGirth, and his command was wholly dissipated.

Colonel Elbert was sorely perplexed upon finding that he was commissioned to lead the Continental forces detailed for the expedition, to the exclusion of General McIntosh, who, as his superior officer, was entitled to claim that distinction. He was also greatly concerned at the abnormal condition of affairs brought about by orders emanating from President Gwinnett and his council, by which he was required to report directly to, and to receive his instructions from, the Governor and Council. With General McIntosh did he communicate, advising him of the disagreeable situation in which he found himself, and expressing his regrets that the orders issued did not come through him as his commanding general. He even went so far as to remonstrate with the Governor and Council in regard to this irregularity. Gwinnett, however, controlled his Council, insisted upon his rights as commander-in-chief, and, being of an imperious will and implacable in his hate, continued to supplant General McIntosh, and to subject him to humiliation. The detachment of Continentals led by Colonel Elbert utterly failed in its purpose; and so, without benefit and pregnant with disaster, ended an expedition conceived in ambition and jealousy, planned without due caution, and sadly marred in its execution.

Responding to the emergency caused by the lamented death of Archibald Bulloch, and in the exercise of his gubernatorial powers, President Gwinnett issued a proclamation requiring the several counties of the State to elect delegates to a legislature which should convene in Savannah on the first Tuesday in May, 1777. The first and chief duty of this assembly was to elect a successor to President Bulloch. Gwinnett was an avowed candidate for the position. The Legislature met in due season, and, after organizing by the selection of Dr. Noble W. Jones as speaker, and Samuel Stirk as secretary, proceeded to the choice of a governor. John Adam Treutlen was elected by a handsome majority. Grievous was Gwinnett's disappointment. McIntosh did not hesitate to openly avow his gratification at the result. In fact, he publicly and in the presence of the members of the Executive Council denounced Gwinnett as a scoundrel. The quarrel between these gentlemen culminated on the 15th of May, when Gwinnett challenged McIntosh to mortal combat. The challenge was promptly accepted. They met the next morning at a spot within the present limits of the city of Savannah. Pistol shots were exchanged at the short distance of four paces. Both were wounded in the thigh: McIntosh dangerously, Gwinnett mortally. The former was confined to his couch for some time, and the latter, after lingering for twelve days, died of his hurt.

Intense excitement ensued. Dr. Lyman Hall, one of Gwinnett's execu-

tors and a warm personal friend of the deceased, and Mr. Joseph Wood brought the matter to the notice of the Legislature, and charged the judicial officers with a neglect of duty in not arresting McIntosh and binding him over to answer an indictment for murder. Informed of these proceedings, so soon as his wound permitted, the general surrendered himself to Judge Glen, and entered into bonds for his appearance. He was indicted, tried, and acquitted. Even this determination of the matter did not allay the malevolent feelings of the Gwinnett party, who, incensed at the loss of their leader, used every exertion to impair the influence of McIntosh and to fetter his efforts in the public service. Moved by these untoward circumstances, and yielding to the suggestion of his friends, Colonels George Walton and Henry Laurens, the general consented to leave Georgia for the time being, and repaired to General Washington's headquarters for assignment to duty with the Continental army. Nearly two years elapsed before he returned to the State. During that time he rendered valuable service in the common cause.

The tradition lingers that Button Gwinnett was interred in the old cemetery in Savannah. So far as our information extends, no stone marks his grave, and the precise spot of his sepulture has faded from the recollection of succeeding generations. When the monument which rises in front of the City Hall in Augusta perpetuating the memory of the signers, from Georgia of the Declaration of Independence was erected, the hope of its patriotic builders was that it would cover the dust of all three of them. The mortal remains of Dr. Lyman Hall and of Chief-Justice George Walton were readily found, and were then committed to the guardian care of this memorial shaft. After careful search, no trace could be discovered of the last resting-place of Gwinnett, and he still sleeps in a grave which will probably never be identified.

Specimens of the chirography of this signer are very rare. He evidently wrote but little. He died in the forty-fifth year of his age, and his public life extended through only a few years. We have looked upon his original will. It still exists. It is a holograph. The following is a literal copy of it :

"Savannah, March 15th, 1777.

"Im sound in Body and Mind for which I am under the highest obligations to the Supreme Being. How long I shall remain so God only knoweth : I therefore Dispose of my Property both real and Personal in the Following manner.

"First. Let all my Just Debts be Discharged, then One half of my Real and Personal Estate remaining be divided between my Wife and Daughter in equal Shares.—

"The other Half of my Estate both real and Personal shall belong to and appertain unto

the Rev^d Mr Tho^s Bosomworth his Heirs and Assigns forever, he the said Tho^s Bosomworth first giving a rec^t in full of all other Demands.—

"This is my last Will and Testament and I hereby revoke all other Wills and Codicils.

"The above is only intended to convey my Estate in America.

"I hereby appoint Tho^s Savage and Lyman Hall Esq^r as Executors to this my last Will and Testament.

"Button Gwinnett [wafer].

"Witness

"Ja^s Foley.

"W^m Hornby.

"Thom^s Hovenden."

The foregoing will was admitted to probate by James Whitefield, "Register of Probates," on the 30th of May, 1777. On the same day Lyman Hall qualified as Executor.

It would appear by the affidavits of William Hornby and Thomas Hovenden,—two of the subscribing witnesses,—that while this will bears date on the 15th of March, 1777, it was actually published and witnessed on the 16th of May, 1777. Hornby's affidavit reads as follows:

"Christ Church Parish } Court of Registry
& County of Chatham } of Probates.

"William Hornby of Savannah & State aforesaid Gent^l personally appeared & being sworn, maketh Oath that the within named Button Gwinnett Esq^r did, on or about Friday the 16th day of this inst May, deliver the paper to this deponent, now produced, purporting to be his will, and said to this deponent in words following, viz^t "this is my Will, sign as a witness thereto, and keep it, and if anything happens to me, read it & you'll know what to do with it;" and this deponent further saith He verily believes He, the said Button Gwinnett, the Testator, was, at that time of sound and disposing mind and memory, and that at the time He signed the same as a witness, He saw Ja^s Foley's name also subscribed thereto as a witness, & further saith not.

"Sworn the 30th

"Wm. Hornby.

"May 1777 Before

"Jam^s Whitefield

"Reg^r of Probates."

Thomas Hovenden, in his affidavit, corroborates the statement made by Mr. Hornby. We extract the following from his oath made before the Register of Probates on the 30th of May, 1777: "The within named Button Gwinnett Esq^r dec^d did, on or about the 16th day of this inst May, deliver the paper now produced, in his presence, to Mr W^m Hornby, a subscribing Witness thereto, saying at the same time 'that it was His Will,' or words to that purpose, and asked this deponent to sign the same; and this deponent says that He did sign his Name thereto as a Witness, & further saith that He is well acquainted with the Hand writing of the said Button

Gwinnett Esq^r dec^d, and that he verily believes that the said paper now produced as his will is in the Hand writing of the said Button Gwinnett," etc., etc.

The period was hazardous, and life peculiarly uncertain. We conclude that Gwinnett drew his will at the time the instrument bears date in anticipation of leading his projected expedition against East Florida, and then signed it, but failed to have it witnessed. In this state the instrument remained in his hands until, warned by the impending duel with McIntosh, and upon the eve of that unfortunate affair, he completed its publication and committed it to the care of Mr. William Hornby, one of the subscribing witnesses, with an injunction which denotes at least some apprehension on his part of the possibility of his encountering a mortal hurt in the approaching combat.

Brief but brilliant was the career of Button Gwinnett. Rising like a meteor, he shot athwart the zenith of the young commonwealth concentrating the gaze of all, and, in a short moment, was seen no more. Within the compass of a very few years are his brilliant aspirations, triumphs, and reverses compressed. Without the accident of birth or the assistance of fortune, he was advanced, and that most rapidly, to the highest positions within the gift of his countrymen. Inseparably associated is his name with the charter of American Independence. Of his intelligence, force of character, ability to command success, courage, indomitable will, tenacity of purpose, patriotism, love of liberty, and devotion to the cause of American freedom, he gave proof most abundant. But he was ambitious, covetous of power, strong in his prejudices, intolerant of opposition, and violent in his hate.

Of this signer we believe no authentic portrait exists. His name dignified a county in Georgia, but we know of none among the living in this State in whose veins courses a drop of blood inherited from, or kindred with that of, Button Gwinnett.

Charles C. Jones, Jr.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN PRIME OF FORTY-NINE

History and literature are alike interested in that brilliant episode, that organization of society on the Pacific Coast and in the Sierra foothills, from which the present State of California has developed. Only four years before the famous "gold rush," there were but five hundred Americans in California; only four years after that event the population of the new State was 300,000, and its miners had taken more than \$260,000,000 from the auriferous gravel and quartz veins of the region. By common consent, the year 1849 is taken as that most typical of the entire era. The following account of some of its more important features is partly from studies made in the ancient mining camps during 1879, partly from letters of pioneers and evidence of travelers.

First, as regards the "rush" to California. Dr. Stillman, in his "Seeking the Golden Fleece," says that at the close of January, 1849, "Sixty vessels had sailed from Atlantic seaports, carrying 8,000 men, and seventy more vessels were up for passage." Bayard Taylor, speaking more particularly of the land journey, said that "it more than equaled the great military expeditions of the Middle Ages, in magnitude, peril, and adventure." John S. Hittell writes, "From Maine to Texas there was a universal frenzy." One of the "pilgrims" wrote a song, soon heard on every street-corner from Boston to New Orleans, in which he declared:

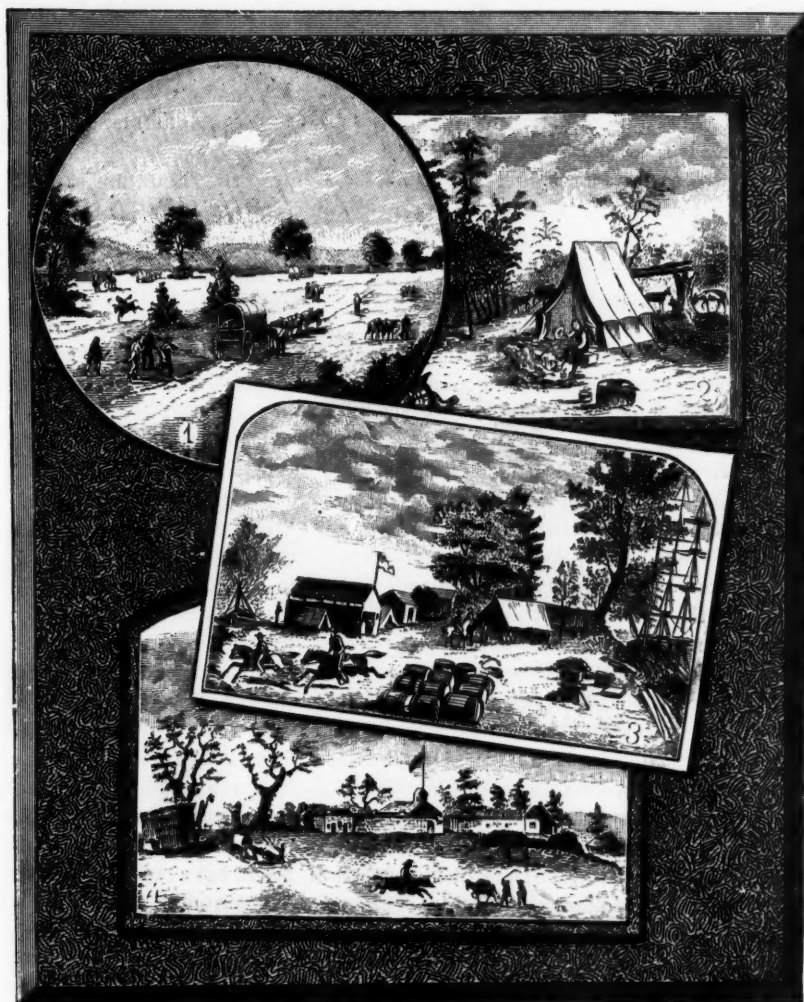
"O, California, that's the land for me;
I'm bound for the Sacramento,
With the wash-bowl on my knee."

There were many interesting features about the great onset, all the world seeming to be in haste to occupy this hitherto neglected region. Armies of emigrants were attracted by the magic of its name, and toiled wearily, in wavering lines across the continent. Many a mountain valley was thus settled long before it could have been reached in the natural course of agricultural progress, and the frontier line of the West was borne rapidly forward—the immemorial race impulse of the Aryan had reawakened with all its ancient force. In vain the elders of lonely Deseret tried to roll back or turn aside this dreaded and hated advance of American civilization. Some of the "latter-day saints" joined the current, but most of them were faithful to their shrine. Piercing the passes of the Rockies,

crossing the deserts of sage-brush, sand and alkali, the resistless human torrent surged on its way to the Pacific.

The mining camps, whose white tents and rude cabins rose so rapidly beside the rivers of "New Colchis" in early "Forty-Nine," have found a place in literature; the Argonaut himself has become one of the heroic figures of the past, and is likely to become as strong a type in the romance of American history as Viking or Crusader are in that of Europe. But it is the place held by the Argonaut as an organizer of society that is of greatest historical importance. Literature has too often depicted him as a dialect-speaking rowdy, savagely picturesque, rudely turbulent; in reality he was a plain American citizen, cut loose from the authority, freed from the restraints and protections of law, and forced to make the defense and organization of society a part of his daily business. In its best estate the mining camp of California was a manifestation of the inherent capacities of the race for self-government. Here, in a new land, under new conditions, were associated bodies of freemen, bound together for a time by common interests, ruled by equal laws, and owning allegiance to no higher authority than their own sense of right and wrong. They held meetings, chose officers, decided disputes, meted out a stern and swift punishment to offenders, and managed their local affairs with entire success.

The gateway to the mines was San Francisco. In January, 1849, when Rev. Dwight Hunt, who had for several months preached to the returned miners thronging the streets, organized the "First Congregational Church," the population of the city was less than 1,500. A little later immigrants began to arrive, and by the close of the year the city had 15,000 inhabitants. A pioneer of "49" writes that, before the rowdy organization known as "The Hounds" began to operate, "gold-dust, provisions and tools were safe without police." When "The Hounds" became a public nuisance, the law-abiding citizens organized July 16, 1849, and suppressed them. The San Francisco harbor soon became crowded with ships of every nation. When Richard H. Dana, in 1835, had visited Yerba Buena harbor, while the Mexican eagle and nopal flag yet drooped from the presidio staff, there was not a single vessel in the harbor, not a single boat on the broad bay, and but one house where San Francisco now stands; the summer of 1849 saw no less than 549 sea-going vessels in the port, and a month later 400 were swinging idly at anchor, deserted by their crews, who had fallen victims to the "gold-fever." During the year 35,000 men came by sea, and 42,000 by land, nearly all proceeding to the mines, but many returning to the coast to engage in business. Society was masculine, and most of the men were under forty. Men often traveled miles to

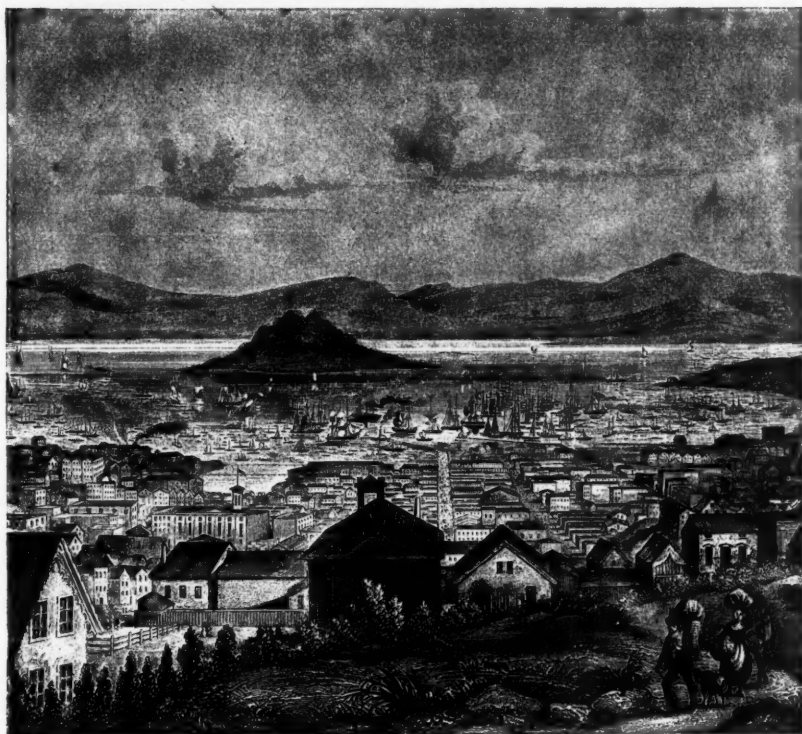


1. ON THE WAY TO THE MINES IN 1849.
2. A SCENE IN CAMP.
3. LANDING, THREE MILES BELOW SACRAMENTO CITY
4. SUTTER'S FAMOUS ADOBE FORT, IN 1849.

welcome the first "real lady" in a camp. A New England youth of seventeen once rode thirty-five miles, after a week's hard work in his father's claim, to see a miner's wife who had arrived in an adjoining district, "because," he said, "I wanted to see a home-like lady; and, father, do you know, she sewed a button on for me, and told me not to gamble, and not to drink. It sounded just like mother."

New towns were laid out in the valleys to supply the mountain camps, and those already established grew with astonishing rapidity. Stockton, for instance, increased in three months from a solitary ranch-house to a canvas city of 1,000 inhabitants. For a small frame building in Sacramento \$30,000 a year in rent was paid; the Parker House in San Francisco cost \$30,000 to build, and rented for \$15,000 per month. Speculation in promising town sites soon reached as extravagant heights as it ever did in the Mississippi valley. Each cross-road, river-landing, and ferry had its mushroom metropolis, its paper population, its "corner-lot speculators." In the tule marshes between the Sacramento and the San Joaquin rivers the "New York of the Pacific" was situated; at the mouth of Bear River was the town of Oro, and along the lowlands were Linda, Kearney, Featherton, and dozens of other "cities" of from one to five houses apiece.

The conditions under which business had to be conducted in San Francisco and the interior towns were extremely trying and difficult. The only supply-markets were so remote that the greatest fluctuations in the stock of goods on hand were constantly occurring, against which no human foresight could guard. New York was 19,000 miles distant by sea-route, and about six months was required to send an order from San Francisco, and have the goods delivered. Oregon's few thousand pioneers had as yet little to sell; China sent rice and sugar; Australia and Chili furnished some flour. Everything else came from the Atlantic sea-ports. Tobacco, one month worth two dollars a pound, was tossed in the streets as worthless a few weeks later. Saleratus fluctuated in price between twenty-five cents and fifteen dollars per pound. The entire community was dependent for its food and clothing upon other communities thousands of miles distant. The commercial annals of the world afford few more exciting episodes than those which occurred in San Francisco under these conditions, when a few days' delay in expected cargoes, or a miscalculation of the amount required for the market, might cause a tenfold rise in the price of any article, and when the ordinary rate of interest was ten per cent. per month. The very boot-blacks have been known to try "corners" on some promising item in the drug, or grocery, or dry-goods line. By the time



SAN FRANCISCO.
(*Early in the Mining Era, 1850-1851.*)

that goods reached the mountain camps, their cost was so enormous that most of the miners' gains went for the necessities of life. Those who had been very fortunate often indulged in curious and expensive whims and extravagances, feeling sure that their claims would continue to yield handsomely. They bought the costliest broadcloth, drank the finest wines, and smoked the best brands of cigars. A "wasteful, dissipated set of men" is what one of the Forty-niners calls his old comrades. Men who had been brought up to keep sober, and earn \$16 per month, and save half of it, went to California, found rich claims, earned several hundred dollars a month, of which they might have saved three-fourths, but spent every cent in riotous living. Men who had been New York hod-carriers, spent ten dollars a day for canned fruits and potted meats. But only a

few years later, when the surface placers were all exhausted, these same unkempt Sybarites returned to beans and pork, strapped up their blankets and made prospect tours to better regions, taking their reverses more placidly than one could have thought possible.

To many cheerful, impetuous, and intelligent men the ups and downs of mining life seemed full of wild fascination; to be there was to be a part of a scene that each thoughtful miner knew in his heart was as evanescent as it was brilliant—an episode whose intensity corresponded accurately to its briefness. Reports filled each camp, almost every week, telling of "new diggings, where from \$100 to \$1,000 might easily be collected in a day." Down came the tent-ropes, the claims were abandoned; the epidemic gold-rush fever had seized each Argonaut in the camp. They went to Gold Lake, Gold Bluffs, and a hundred other as loudly trumpeted regions, till the habit of following with swift feet each new excitement became as much a part of the Argonaut's nature as the habit of running after a fire is a part of the nature of a healthy boy. The Argonaut was well enough aware that the blaze is very apt to be only a bonfire, or else to be over long before he arrives, but he could not bear to stand by, and see others run and hurrah, so off he started, at the best of his speed, to come back a few months later "dead broke" financially, but wealthy in experience. Kern River, in 1855, took 5,000 miners to a region where most of them failed to pay expenses. Fraser River, in 1858, took 18,000 men from California, and San Francisco real estate lost from 25 to 75 per cent. of its value. Two years later came the Washoe excitement, then White Pine, then Bodie, and others, almost yearly, till last spring old California prospectors were among the pilgrims to the much praised placers of the savage Cœur D'Alene region.

Fortunately, there were some, even from the first, who had "come to California to remain and make homes," who recognized vast resources other than mineral, and by whose unswerving fidelity to justice the best elements of camp life were evolved. A fine example of this was afforded in what were called the Southern Mines, the camps of Tuolumne. The several hundred dwellers in and about the Mexican, or "Sonorian" Camp, were reinforced as early as July, 1849, by about 15,000 foreigners, chiefly from Sonora, Chili, and the Isthmus. Some of them were outlaws and desperadoes, and they speedily made the country unsafe. The camp in which they most congregated became notorious for its bull-fights and fandangoes. Opposed to them was a little camp of Americans, who had elected their own "alcalde," or chief officer of the camp, the previous autumn. By the united action of the Americans the foreign invasion, for



it can hardly be called less, as many of the Mexicans came in armed bands, was held in check, controlled, and finally conquered and partially dispersed before the close of the eventful year of "Forty-nine." In some of the American camps, "good and true men" were at once chosen alcaldes; in some the direct intervention of "Miners' Courts" was preferred; in camps of a third class, committee government was resorted to. But government of an efficient and judicious sort, the Americans in the invaded region secured for and of themselves.

The mountain land over which mining became for years the chief industry of men was a region fitted by nature to attract and firmly hold the affections of a hardy and energetic race. Its physical features are most inspiring even now, when the valleys and foothills are subdued to agricultural purposes. But when the miners of Forty-nine began to pitch

their tents in the wilderness it was unfenced, unclaimed, and almost unexplored. Everywhere the land had a charm for men that no language can describe; all the letters, journals and books of the time strive vainly to express the beauty of the rushing rivers and emerald valleys nestled under Alpine snows. Flowers of new species and wonderful beauty, now naturalized citizens of the world's gardens, bloomed on slope and crag; trees of hitherto unimagined grandeur stood in the forests; the climate of the Sierra foothills was the climate of Italy. From the sea-like valley of the Sacramento eastward through rolling, oak-clad hills, to the broad plateaus and granite heights, and pointed peaks piercing the brilliant azure skies with their everlasting whiteness, the ardent miners reached every gulch, ravine, "basin," "cañon," "flat," and "bench," traced every stream to its source, and in four or five years of reckless, eager toil did the exploring and subduing work that has usually taken a generation's labor to accomplish in other communities. They spread out in every direction from Mormon Bar and the Sacramento and Feather River region, hunting for gold southward to the desert sands and borax deposits of Mojave, northward to the lava beds of Modoc, westward into the wildest recesses of the coast range, eastward to where the sage-brush plains of Nevada begin. They established Redding Springs, rifled the Trinity placers of their riches, discovered the deposits of Klamath, Siskiyou and Northern Oregon. They even went waist-deep into the ocean, and brought back tales of beaches gold-spangled by

" all the storms
That hurled their ancient weary white-topped waves
On California since the world began."

I have visited the mining region, the realm once conquered by the "Argonauts of Forty-nine." Titans have been at work there, the land for miles is like a battle-field where primal forces and giant passions have wrestled. Rivers have been turned aside; mountains hurled into chasms, or stripped to "bed-rock" in naked disarray. I have seen wild and deep ravines where each square rod once had its miner; where stores, theaters and banks once stood in the Flat, and gold dust ran in the streets, and every man carried his pistol, and a day of life contained more of healthy out-door existence and passionate energy than any half-year of common existence. In those ravines, once so populous, a few old and trembling men, worn out before their time, and pitiful to look upon, creep down from their cabins to pick and moil among the crevices for the little gold left by the gallant Forty-niners, and creep back to brood over memories, while year after year they watch with doubtful approval the approach of the new



SACRAMENTO CITY IN CALIFORNIA.
[As it was in the year 1850.]

empire of gardens, vineyards, orchards, slowly resubduing, in far more durable manner, the lost conquests of the Argonauts.

Even to-day the smallest of these decaying camps is worth patient study. In the hollows, grown over with blossoming vines, are acres upon acres of boulders and débris, moved, sifted and piled up by the hands of pioneers; on the hill's sunny slope are grass-covered mounds where some of them rest after their toil. Once this was "Red Dog Camp," or "Mad Mule Gulch," or "Murderer's Bar;" now it is only a nameless cañon, the counterpart of hundreds of others scattered over a region five hundred miles long by fifty wide, and each one of them all was once full to the brim and overflowing with noisy, beating, rushing, roaring masculine life. Go down and talk with those ghost-like inhabitants of the ancient camps, and they will set your blood tingling with tales of the past. Twenty years! Thirty years ago! Why, it is centuries!

The saddest of all possible sights in the old mining region is when there are not even half a dozen miners to keep each other company, but where, solitary and in desolation, the last miner clings to his former haunts. He cooks his lonesome meals in the wrecked and rotting hotel, where, a quarter of a century before, then young, gay, prosperous, and, like the camp, in his prime, he had tossed the reins of his livery team to the obsequious servant, and played billiards with "the boys," and passed the hat for a collection to help build the first church; he sharpens his battered pick at a little forge under the tree on which he had helped to hang "the Mexican who had stabbed Sailor Bill;" he looks down in the cañon where vines and trees hide all but the crumbling chimney of the house where the "Rose of the Camp" lived, sweetening their lives with her girlish grace and purity as she tripped over the long bridge to the little school-house, and waved her hand to her friends toiling waist-deep in their claims on the hillside or by the river. But that was long ago, and the bridge has fallen into the torrent, and the snow-storms have shattered the school-house, and he has not seen her for years and years.

Not one of all the thousands of men who hurried into the "Camps of Forty-nine" ever paused to consider how these camps would look if deserted, nor imagined themselves old and lonely pioneers sitting over the ashes of departed fires. The work they did is sufficiently shown by the facts of the gold yield. In 1849, by official record, the miners took out \$23,000,000; in 1850 this yield was more than doubled. It is certain that a large percentage, perhaps one-fourth part or even one-half, of the gold taken from these early placers was never reported to express company or custom-house. The typical camp of the "Golden Prime of Forty-Nine" was flush, lively, reckless, flourishing, and vigorous of speech and action. Saloons and gambling-houses abounded. Every man went around, and felt fully able to protect himself. Gold dust was currency at a dollar a pinch. In the camp, gathered as of one household, under no law but that of their own making, were men from North, South, East and West, and from nearly every country in Europe, Asia, North America. They mined, traded, gambled, bought, discussed camp affairs; they paid fifty cents a drink for their whisky, and fifty dollars a barrel for their flour, and thirty dollars apiece, at times, for butcher-knives with which to pick out the gold from the rock crevices. They talked, as one who knew them well has written, "a language half English and half Mexican," and he might have added, wholly their own. Even Bret Harte has failed to reproduce it; the dialect of his miners leans too far toward the Missourian. These lawless, brave pioneers, risked their lives for each other, made and lost fortunes,

went on lonely prospect tours, died lonely deaths or perished by violence; some, wiser or more fortunate, than these, became farmers when the mining era closed, sowed wheat-fields, planted fruitful orchards.

There were times in almost every camp when the rowdy element came near ruling, and only the powerful and hereditary organizing instincts of the Americans ever brought order out of chaos. In every such crisis there were men of the right stamp at hand to say the brave word and do the brave act; to appeal to Saxon love of fair play; to seize the murderer, or to defy the mob. Side by side in the same gulch, working on claims of eight paces square, were, perhaps, fishermen from Cape Ann, loggers from Penobscot, farmers from the Genesee Valley, physicians from the prairies of Iowa, lawyers from Maryland and Louisiana, college graduates from Yale, Harvard and the University of Virginia. From so variously mingled elements came that terribly exacting mining-camp society which tested with pitiless tests each man's individual manhood, discovering his intrinsic worth or worthlessness with almost superhuman precision, until, in the end, the ablest and best men became leaders in the free and self-governed camps of the Sierra.

Charles Howard Shinn

HISTORIC HOMES

OCHRE POINT, AND WILLIAM BEACH LAWRENCE

The disciple of Albert Gallatin intimately knew all the great brain-workers of his time, when in the pale dawn of his own public career he twinkled with those planets in the political sky, gradually rising to the full brilliancy of intellectual light, until he himself shone a beacon to guide



OCHRE POINT
(*Home of William Beach Lawrence.*)

the "Rights of Nations" over the uncertain sea of arbitration, and to claim for America the honor of giving to the world the text-book of diplomacy.

Well does the writer of this article recall a cosy breakfast party given to Mr. Lawrence in the college rooms of a Professor of International Law, at Oxford, when a question came up in reference to a point of law. "Let us see what Lawrence's Wheaton says about it," said one of the guests, as he spoke taking from the book-case the volume in question. "Let us have an unadulterated opinion from Lawrence himself," remarked the host: "I

would rather consult him than any book, not even excepting his own." Some years after, this same gentleman dined at Ochre Point, when he received from his host a copy of the first volume of his "*Commentaire sur les Éléments du droit international et sur l'histoire des progrès du droit des gens de Henry Wheaton*," which had just been published by Brockhaus, in Leipzig.

The following letter shows the estimation in which this work is held by the highest authority in France :

Institut Impérial de France, Académie des Sciences, Morales et Politiques.

PARIS, le 19 Avril, 1869.

Le Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie à Monsieur William Beach Lawrence, Ministre Américain des États-Unis à Londres, etc.

MONSIEUR : L'Académie a reçu par l'entremise de M. Giraud l'exemplaire que vous avez bien voulu lui offrir de votre *Commentaire sur les éléments du droit international et sur l'histoire des progrès du droit des gens de Henry Wheaton*.

Elle me charge de vous adresser ses remerciements. Ce savant ouvrage, dont M. Giraud a fait l'objet d'un rapport verbal à l'académie, a été déposé dans la bibliothèque de l'Institut.

Agréez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma haute considération.

MIGNET.

When Mr. Lawrence visited Berlin, in the winter of 1869, he had several interviews with Prince Bismarck, who said to him : "I find your book very useful ; I consult it continually."

A trunk which was unfortunately lost by Mr. Lawrence in one of his journeys from Washington to Newport, contained a Japanese translation of this work. It had been presented to the distinguished jurist by M. Mori, the then Minister from Japan to this country.

This extract from a letter from his devoted friend and admirer, M. P. Pradier Fodéré, shortly after the appearance of the third volume of Mr. Lawrence's last work, will be found interesting :

"Monsieur et bien honoré ami :

J'ai reçu pour vous des compliments, des félicitations. Il faut que vous veniez à Paris au mois d'Octobre. Il n'y a pas à hésiter. M. de Parieu, M. Michel-Chevalier, M. Giraud, MM. Cauchy, Drouyn de Lhuys, Franck, Caro, Valette, tous ceux que nous connaissons, M. Guizot aussi, que j'ai beaucoup vu cet hiver et à qui j'ai présenté votre livre en votre nom, tous s'étonnent de votre éloignement de notre Paris, qui est toujours le centre de la science. Vous avez, depuis votre départ d'Europe, fait de beaux travaux de l'autre côté de l'Atlantique ; il faut venir les faire valoir à Paris.

Il est absolument nécessaire que votre cours, que vos notes, vos discours, vos consultations soient publiés, et cela à Paris, etc., etc.

Toujours à vous de cœur,

P. PRADIER-FODÉRÉ.

The following notice of this last and most exhaustive of Mr. Law-

rence's works is from the *Providence Journal*: "We have *heretofore* noticed, as they appeared, the volumes of this Commentary on International Law of Hon. W. B. Lawrence, of Newport. It promises to be the most extensive and valuable work on the subject that has yet appeared, and our only fear is that his plan is so extensive that he will never live to complete it. There is no man in the country whose mind and memory



WILLIAM BEACH LAWRENCE.

are so well stored with all the knowledge to be derived from history and from text books, and we have here the results in profession." The words of the *Journal* were prophetic; Mr. Lawrence did not live to complete the work his active brain had planned, and which he strove anxiously to accomplish, struggling the while with the fatal malady to which, for the last eight years of his life, he was a victim, yet with a valor inherited from his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Beach, a brave soldier of Christ, who, preaching in his church at New Brunswick, New Jersey, during the

Revolutionary war, continued his sermon, undisturbed by a ball which entering the church passed close by his head and struck the wall beyond; so the undaunted jurist, in spite of the progress of Bright's disease, continued the work to which he had devoted his life. But for the presence of this disease, endowed as he was by nature with a fine constitution, there is good reason to believe he might have celebrated several more birthdays in the golden October, on the cliffs of Newport, the breeze wafting greeting between him and his neighbor, Hon. George Bancroft, as the measure of their years agreed in the same beautiful month. But for this he might have given to the world another volume of his great work, and have also finished his tribute to the memory of Albert Gallatin, upon which he was engaged when the approach of the stern messenger of death forced him to drop his pen. This unfinished address was read at a recent meeting of the New York Historical Society, of which Mr. Lawrence was one of the members. In connection with this, it is interesting to read what Mr. Wheaton wrote Mr. Lawrence in 1841 from Berlin, where the former was then Minister: "Since my last, I have received your review of Mr. Gallatin's pamphlet. It is excellent. I lent it to Baron Humboldt, who last evening spoke to me of it. I assure you he was no niggard of his praise."

In 1831 Mr. Wheaton writes to Mr. Lawrence from London: "I have read with much pleasure your bank article; it does you great credit.

"I saw your friend the Marquis de Barbé-Marbois in Paris (Mr. Lawrence had translated into English Marbois' Louisiana). He retains a lively recollection of you."

Here is a portion of a letter written to Mr. Lawrence by Mr. Wheaton, from Copenhagen, in 1828, which probably refers to the former's approaching return to the United States:

"MY DEAR LAWRENCE: I received a letter in Havre, giving me the same intelligence contained in yours of the 9th inst. So much for their tariff. I regret it very much as it stops you in your career for a time. You had entered upon it under such advantageous circumstances, that it must be really annoying to you. But do not be discouraged, the country must have occasion for talent and experience similar to yours, and will sooner or later put them in requisition.

"I am glad you have an opportunity to hear Guizot & Co. I have read with the deepest interest the 'cours' they delivered last season, and should be happy to have a seat alongside of you to catch the living voices of such great men. Ils sont dans la bonne voie.

"What do you hear from home? If Calhoun is Vice-President, and Van Buren Governor of New York, neither of them can be Secretary of State. Does Mr. Gallatin go to Brussels? I remain always,

"Your sincere and obliged friend,

H. WHEATON."

This letter from the Secretary of State confirms Mr. Wheaton's flattering opinion of the young *Chargé d'affaires*:

" ASHLAND, 9th October, 1829.

" MY DEAR SIR : I duly received your letter of the 31st August. That of mine of the 1st November but conveyed only a just sense the late President and myself have of the meritorious manner in which you had discharged your diplomatic duties to our common country. I should be happy to hear of you being employed in the Senate of your State (as intended), or in any other public station, being fully persuaded that in any, you would render good public service. Whether you remain in a private, or be promoted to a public situation, I pray you be assured of the constant regard and esteem of

" Your faithful servant, H. CLAY."

This letter from Mr. Madison will also be read with interest :

" MONTPELLIER, June 5th, 1832.

" James Madison has received the copy of the Historical Documents for which he is indebted to the politeness of Mr. Lawrence. The subject of it was well chosen and has been well handled. Mr. Lawrence will please to accept the thanks due for the pleasure afforded by the perusal."

Perhaps no man, throughout a long life, ever evinced more perseverance, industry and love of study to the absorption of his whole attention, than did the owner of Ochre Point. His contributions to the various law journals and newspapers in this country and Europe, in addition to his correspondence and his voluminous works, kept him busy with his pen at all hours, without regard to meals or sleep. He would frequently rise at five in the morning, and while writing an article for the press, would suddenly order his carriage, and after a hasty breakfast set off for Boston or New York. On one of these occasions, going into his library in quest of some papers, Mr. Lawrence discovered his housemaid, an old servant, on her knees before a pile of books which she was eagerly examining in the early morning light. "What are you doing?" he asked. "Looking for Wheaton, sir," was the reply, as with an Eureka expression of countenance she held up the familiar volume; "you know I always pack up 'Wheaton' with your shirts." There was a great deal of interesting matter crowded into the few years of Mr. Lawrence's official career in London—questions which then arose gave him subjects of inquiry for many succeeding years: The Northeastern Boundary Question, those connected with the Treaty of Ghent, and the perpetually vexed subject between the United States and England, the Fishery Question, all came up while Mr. Lawrence was in London with Mr. Gallatin. It was exceedingly flattering to the young Secretary of twenty-eight to be considered by this Gamaliel of diplomacy worthy to be left in charge of the legation while such important negotiations were pending.

"Scarce was the April of his life begun,
When, anxious to immortalize his name,
Pleasure and soft repose he learnt to shun,
And laboring upward sought the mounts of fame.

He was but twenty-six years of age, when, in the same year in which Jefferson died, when Calhoun was in the Senate, John Quincy Adams President of the United States, and Henry Clay Secretary of State, the latter transmitted to Mr. Lawrence his appointment of Secretary of Legation to the Court of London, to which Mr. Gallatin was Minister. Mr. Lawrence succeeded Mr. John A. King, to whom by a singular coincidence, he bore a strong resemblance, which likeness increased with years. As Gov. Lawrence lay in his sick bed, many of his visitors remarked how much he looked like the late Gov. King.

The year 1826, when Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence left their native shore for a residence in London, was an important era in other worlds besides that of politics. Mme. Malibran had just then risen in the operatic horizon in New York. Mrs. Lawrence, who was as passionately fond of music as her husband was indifferent to it, had the delight of assisting at the début of the great singer, and also of hearing Mme. Malibran the first time she appeared in London.

When Mr. Lawrence arrived in London, D'Israeli had made his mark as a novelist, and "Vivian Grey" was attracting general attention. Little did the American diplomatist imagine that the young author of this, many think his best book, was destined later as Premier of England to sway its destinies. Although Mr. Lawrence rarely cared for novels, he took much interest in Lord Beaconsfield's last work, recognizing in the characters of "Endymion" many personages he had known in Europe.

It is to be deplored that Mr. Lawrence had not appointed a literary executor to take charge of his valued correspondence extending through nearly half a century, and including autograph letters from leading American and European statesmen and authors. The advice of the prophet Isaiah is too often neglected until too late: "Set thy house in order, for thou must die." Considering the value that Mr. Lawrence attached to his papers and how the servants at Ochre Point were at all times charged to respect the literary confusion which reigned in the rooms in which the author worked, "never to touch a paper," it would seem doubly strange that no provision should have been made for the preservation of the immense mass of valuable manuscript left at Ochre Point.

Mr. Lawrence was married early in life to a daughter of Archibald Gracie, "that grand old man," as the late Dr. Francis calls him in his

"Old Merchants of New York." Mrs. Lawrence's mother was a daughter of Moses Rogers, of New York, whose wife was a daughter of Thomas Fitch, Chief Justice of Connecticut, and Governor of that State from 1754 to 1766. Gov. Fitch's grandfather, Thomas Fitch, a son of Wm. Fitch, M.P., came from Kent County, England, to Boston, Massachusetts, in 1639, and removed in 1651 to Norwalk, Connecticut, where the family continued to reside for several generations. Mr. Lawrence's ancestors founded Newtown, Long Island, about the time that the first Thomas Fitch came to Connecticut. As Mr. Lawrence often remarked, "Only American blood had flowed in the veins of his ancestors for two hundred years." The great jurist has also another claim to be considered essentially American; he was born in the same year that Congress sat for the first time in Washington, and during the administration of the father of the President who appointed him Secretary of Legation, so that his life is closely connected with that of the two Adams'.

Mr. Lawrence was graduated at an early age from Columbia College, New York, and from thence went to the Law School at Litchfield, but his health giving way from too close application to study, he was sent by his parents to travel through the South in his own carriage. Though enjoying the hospitality of the rich planters, going from one plantation to another, made much of in society, the studious youth of nineteen writes to his mother from a house full of company: "I am getting stronger every day; I want to get back to Litchfield as soon as possible."

Mr. Lawrence, however, always retained an agreeable impression of this southern journey, where, yet in his teens, he visited Mr. Calhoun, Poinsett, Pinckney and other noted men of the day. A year later he was in Washington listening to Pinckney's speech on the Missouri Compromise bill, preparing himself for his future career. A good picture of Mr. Lawrence was taken about this time. It hung in the library at Ochre Point.

At the time of his second visit to Rome, very many years after the first, Mr. Lawrence's friends urged him to sit to Story or Rogers for a bust. It was pity that the distinguished jurist should have neglected this opportunity to allow his features to be retained worthily in marble.

For several years there hung in one of the rooms at Ochre Point a large picture by Trumbull, which represented a handsome child of four years of age, playing with a dog, around which she has thrown one dimpled arm. Her India muslin, short-waisted frock, leaves the white, blue-veined shoulders bare, the cheeks are bright with health and exercise, the little red morocco-shod feet are firmly planted on the ground, and the dark eyes look up sweetly from under a wealth of brown hair. This is

little Miss Gracie (afterwards Mrs. Lawrence) in her childhood's summer home near Hell Gate, all traces of which, as well as of the family mansion at the Battery, are fast disappearing in the march of time and of city improvements. In like manner the rapid changes in Newport will no doubt smooth away the natural features of the Cliffs as well as its old associations.

As the absence of one sense increases the acuteness of others, Mr. Lawrence, possessing no ear for music, little taste for art, found no distraction from the study to which he devoted himself through life. While the soft spring breezes and the delicious odor of violets drew most of the visitors in Rome to the lovely grounds of the Villa Borghese, Mr. Lawrence was sitting daily in one of the chapels of a great cathedral, patiently listening to one dull sermon after another for the sole purpose of perfecting himself in Italian. While the angelic strains of the Miserere were penetrating the inmost recesses of other hearers' hearts, and leaving in them an echo which even through the long aisles of Time, the mention of the Sistine Chapel will cause to vibrate, Mr. Lawrence was thinking of his approaching interview with Cardinal Antonelli, or recalling to mind a recent conversation with Pio Nono, when that amiable pontiff hoped the great jurist had enjoyed the recent carnival, which that year had been particularly brilliant. "You saw no signs of discontent, no confusion among my people?" he eagerly asked. "No," replied the American diplomatist, "everything was perfectly tranquil." In speaking afterwards of this conversation to his guests at Ochre Point, Mr. Lawrence said: "I did not say to His Holiness that this tranquillity on the part of the Romans was due to the fact that French soldiers were at the corners of all the streets." France had just driven out the Austrians, and Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi had not yet united Italy and limited the power of the Vatican.

Mr. Lawrence was wont laughingly to remark: "That he might in his youth have made a dancer, as he rather liked the exercise, but for the music, which always put him out." It put him out very much one evening in Paris, an occasion to which in conversation with his friends at Ochre Point, he often referred. A dilettante friend of the jurist had invited him to meet such an incongruous assemblage of authors, artists, and celebrities of all kinds, that, as at the Hotel Cluny, a catalogue would have been desirable. There were men and women of all parties and countries, an Irish agitator, Southern States rights men, a bi-metallic currency pamphleteer, a would-be founder of an International Mining Co. There was the successful competitor for the last Prix de Rome, and a "hope deferred" heart-sick genius, who had finally succeeded in getting a picture into the

Salon; there was a brilliant young American prima donna just then the rage in Paris; there were poets, men of letters; in fact, a rare collection of noted names in all departments. M. Thiers was there, Littré, Drouin de Lhuys, Michel Chevalier, M. Dupin, Ex-president Pierce, Mr. Motley with his daughter, now the wife of Sir Vernon Harcourt. There was Mr. Preston with his handsome wife, and a host of others more or less distinguished for talent or beauty. While Mr. Lawrence in a group of "kindred souls" was "living over" the past, recalling the weighty business of state which had fallen upon his shoulders, when, upon the return to the United States of Mr. Gallatin, the young Secretary was left Chargé d'Affaires in London; in the midst of a particularly interesting conversation, the notes of an exquisite voice drew the attention of some of those around Mr. Lawrence, who, unlike himself, happened to have "music in their souls," and the agreeable evening was quite spoilt for the jurist and statesman by the breaking up of the literary *recueil choisi* to listen to the rare music which, to him, was only an annoyance.*

Going over to England, Mr. Lawrence was presented to Queen Victoria. He was present at an interesting debate in Parliament where some of the members in the "heat of argument" practically carried out Lord Palmerston's remark, that "man is by nature a quarrelsome animal," and often forgot the *suaviter in modo* quite as much as do our own legislators. He there renewed his old friendship with Sir John Bowring, who had been one of his associates at the Political Economy Club when Mr. Lawrence resided in London.

Mr. Lawrence had also the pleasure of again seeing Sir Henry Holland, the Queen's physician, who had attended the youthful Secretary of Legation when too close attention to the duties of his office had brought on a severe illness.

Some dozen years later, Mr. Lawrence again visited Europe for the purpose of making arrangements for the publication in Leipzig of his late work. It was at this time, his mind being occupied with the question of what constitutes the validity of a foreign marriage, that he assisted at the marriage in Paris of his young countrywoman, a New York heiress, with an Italian nobleman, and gave the contracting parties the benefit of his advice in the all-important question. He was also consulted by the grandfather of the bride as to the disposition by will, of a large estate. Mr. Lawrence told the American millionaire that he ought most unquestionably to divide his property equally between his two chil-

* The French Court was then in all its brilliancy. Mr. Lawrence was much struck with the grace and majesty of the Empress.

dren, and thus avoid any possible chance for unpleasant feeling between them or of bitter memories of their father after his death; that having seen and deplored the evils resulting from family estrangement, he thought in the interest of all parties a parent would do wisely to treat his sons and daughters *exactly* alike, and thus endeavor to secure family harmony beyond all peradventure.

In alluding to the happy result of this conversation, the granddaughter of the testator, in a letter to the writer of this article, adds: "We cannot sufficiently thank Gov. Lawrence for his kindness and excellent advice," etc.

An interesting volume might have been made of the guests at Ochre Point if each visitor had been requested to write his or her name in a book, with an original sentence or apt quotation. Mr. Lawrence rarely dined without one or more guests in addition to the members of his own family. His hospitality was like his reputation, international; he liked to collect the best talkers, to partake of the best wines and the best cuisine.

Believing that an artist should never be interfered with in any way, Mr. Lawrence allowed his chef *carte blanche*, and the "crumbs which fell from the rich man's table" were converted into pretty substantial "loaves and fishes" by the kitchen cabinet of the jurist.

It was a curious coincidence that, in the same year, and within a few months of the death of Mr. Lawrence, his opponents in the two suits which have become famous in legal annals should have also passed away: Richard Dana, who helped himself to the jurist's learning, without giving the author credit for the same, and Richard Staigg, the artist, with whom the eminent author disputed for years the possession of a lot at Ochre Point, which was alternately assigned now to the plaintiff, now to the defendant.

Another noted person who has died recently and who was a frequent guest at Ochre Point, was that lion of the law, Judge Stoughton. Now that his splendid head is bowed in the dust, and his persuasive eloquence is stilled forever, both come back forcibly to the mind of one who assisted at a dinner, when also the bright, winning smile of Christine Nilsson was an attractive feature.

It would seem singular, in view of Mr. Lawrence's dislike for music, that the "queen of song" should ever have been one of the guests at Ochre Point. She was invited in compliment to Judge and Mrs. Stoughton, with whom she was then staying; and when she came, her charming manner and conversation made even the great singer forgotten in the attractive woman of the world.

Mr. Lawrence had met at the house of Sir Stafford Northcote, in Bristol, England, Miss Carpenter, the English prison reformer, and when this lady came to Newport, a charming lunch party was given in her honor at Ochre Point, at which were present Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. and Miss Parnell, mother and sister of the agitator; Professor and Mrs. Botta, etc. A few days after this, Miss Carpenter, introduced by the Rev. Charles T. Brooks, gave an address on her specialty in the Unitarian church at Newport. The matter was extremely interesting, but the manner was, like that of most English speeches, marred by hesitancy of speech. Mr. Lawrence, who was present, remarked to a friend, that this defect is especially noticeable to an American attending the Parliamentary sessions in London.

With his old friend and neighbor, Mr. Charles Lyman, of Boston, Mr. Lawrence enjoyed talking over their early reminiscences of Rome, they having been there together at a time when Americans were much fewer in the Eternal City than they are now.

When Mr. Lyman was about to leave Newport for his winter home, as he bade farewell to the jurist of Ochre Point, the latter pressing his old friend's hand, said, sadly: "It is for the last time." They never met again. Mr. Lawrence died the following March, and Mr. Lyman only survived him a few weeks.

Now while these lines are being penned, the bell of "Old Trinity" is tolling for the death of one of Newport's most honored citizens—the universally esteemed Dr. David King is no more. For many years he was the family physician at Ochre Point, and highly valued there socially as well as professionally.

With Mr. Elbert J. Anderson, like himself for many years past a resident of Newport, Mr. Lawrence enjoyed talking over their early years in New York, where both were born in the same year and in the same street. Their politics and associations were the same, their families had been intimate, and their tastes being in many respects congenial, made each find much pleasure in the society of the other.

As the old homestead is passing from the ground to make room for the palatial residence of the present owner of Ochre Point, another homestead is darkened by the death of the truest friend of the jurist of the Cliff, the honored guest of Ochre Point, whose name was a household word there—Hon. Elisha R. Potter. "Honorable" he was in the fullest sense—his pure, useful life, in its bright example, was more eloquent than any sermon. He was followed to the grave by sincere mourners from all parts of the State; men and women of every station, from the highest function-

ary down to the most obscure member of the community, mingled their tears for the loss of this good man. In his beautiful, refined home, loving hands keep with tender care each object which has grown sacred to them by his use. His study remains just as he left it.

"There sat he—yet those chairs no sense retain—
And busy recollection smarts in vain;
The place that knew him, knows his form no more,
Not *one* dear footstep *tunes* the unconscious floor."

And yet with that vague feeling with which survivors try to cheat themselves into a belief that all is but a dream, they wish to believe that "he is coming home." Home indeed he comes often to the hearts where his memory is enshrined.

The name of Potter is an historic one; the father of Judge Potter was for many years a prominent representative of his State in Congress. When Daniel Webster was asked, on one occasion, if he knew anything of the town of Kingstown, in Rhode Island, he replied: "Of course I know Kingstown, Elisha R. Potter comes from there." The Elisha R. Potter who died April 10th, 1882, in Kingston (as it is now called) at the age of seventy-one, was well known as a scholar and man of letters, but still more so as a judge. He served his State well on the Supreme Bench, to which he was elected in 1856, and retained the office until he died.

For more than thirty years Judge Potter was the intimate friend of Gov. Lawrence, who would be quite indignant if the judge ever stayed anywhere but at Ochre Point when the court sat in Newport. It was unfortunate that his own illness kept this disinterested, true friend from the bedside of the dying jurist. Almost the last words of Mr. Lawrence were those of an affectionate message he sent to Judge Potter.

Visits from President Welling of Columbia College, Washington, from Mr. Justice Field and Mrs. Field, from Senator Stevenson, from the Hon. John E. Ward and Mrs. Ward, and from Professor Wharton, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, were among the pleasures to which Gov. Lawrence looked forward each summer. General Warren—"ce brave Warren," as the Comte de Paris calls him in his history of the War of the Rebellion—was also a frequent visitor of Gov. Lawrence; so also was General Crawford, who knew the old homestead well in its days of sadness and bereavement as in its festive hours. Ex-Minister Washburn and the Hon. Wickham Hoffman gave at Mr. Lawrence's dinner table graphic accounts of the exciting events they witnessed in their official careers in Paris. Eugene Schuyler, the polyglot diplomatist, who writes a clever book and learns a language

in each country to which he is accredited, was, with his wife, a visitor at Ochre Point during the late days of its hospitality. Mr. Schuyler married a daughter of Mr. Lawrence's old friend and connection by marriage, the late Charles King. At many a dinner party of the jurist, Senator Anthony's handsome face was seen and his pleasant tones mingled with those of men of all parties and from every part of the Union, interspersed with those of members of the diplomatic corps. Besides these there flit across the kaleidoscopic glass of memory, faces and forms of the world's honored ones, now gathered to their fathers: Charles Sumner, Jared Sparks, Caleb Cushing, Robert Walsh, Chief Justices Redfield, Clifford, Burgess, Generals Burnside and Sherman. Another of Newport's distinguished sons, often a guest at Ochre Point, was the late Capt. Kidder Randolph Breese, an ornament to his profession, the pride and joy of his family. With the subsequent commandants of the Torpedo Station, Mr. Lawrence was also in the habit of exchanging hospitalities. He frequently remarked upon the great addition to the society of Newport which this branch of the service has brought here, and upon the discrimination of the "powers that be" in Washington in sending to this station officers so admirably fitted for the position.

The Marquis de Chambrun, a descendant of Lafayette, and the author of "*Le Pouvoir exécutif aux États-Unis, Étude de droit constitutionnel*," passed many hours in the library at Ochre Point every summer, talking with the jurist on topics of mutual interest. The Marquis de Noailles, when French Minister at Washington, spent his summers in Newport, and often found his way to Ochre Point. One morning when Mr. Lawrence was deeply engaged in the preparation of his great argument in the Circassian case, which reversed a decision of the Supreme Court and procured him compliments from the late Judge Nelson—with the more practicable result in the fee of \$40,000 in gold—in the midst of extreme literary confusion, when tables and every chair were covered with books and papers, Count Corti and Marquis de Noailles entered unexpectedly. Mr. Lawrence, a little confused, was about to make apologies for the state of the apartment, when the Marquis de Noailles interrupted him with the apt quotation of the French poet:

"Souvent d'un beau désordre, l'art est le seul auteur."

It is worthy of comment that Gen. McClellan and Hon. George H. Pendleton, though so closely connected in politics, never actually met until they dined together at Ochre Point. Mr. Lawrence often gallantly remarked to the accomplished wife of his brother Democrat, that he had

sold her a portion of Ochre Point at a bargain, for the sake of having such a delightful neighbor.

The great rise in real estate at Newport of late years makes it seem almost incredible to present purchasers that Mr. Lawrence should have paid the absurdly small sum of \$12,000 for his original sixty-nine acres, which once made a part of the Taylor farm. Mr. Lawrence bought his land of John Wilbur, who had purchased it of Nicholas Taylor, who inherited it from his father, Robert Taylor. Robert Taylor bought it from Godfrey Malbone, the grandfather of the famous miniature painter, whose exquisite pictures of "The Hours" is the pride of the Athenæum at Providence, Rhode Island. This land made part of the original grant assigned in 1640 to one Brassie. It was supposed at one time that a gold mine existed on Ochre Point. When Mr. Lawrence purchased his estate, he called it Ochre Point, out of compliment to the ochre which forms the distinctive feature of that part of the Cliffs.

It was a grief to the owner of Ochre Point, that he was not permitted to breathe his last in his own house. When he left home, ill as he was, he did not expect to die in a hotel. To the last he longed for his library and his large airy apartments. Within a few weeks of his death, he said repeatedly to his faithful nurse: "Powers, do you think you could get me back to Newport?" Alas, it was not to be!

Although the home of the American jurist, like himself, is no more; though its Lares and Penates have been scattered by the auctioneer's hammer and *Quæro in vento*, is now the reading of the family motto of "*Quæro Invenio*," so well suited to the man who in his busy life might have asked with General Hoche, "*Trouvez-moi contre la fatigue un remède que ne soit pas le repos*," although the very name as well as the character of Ochre Point may change with the tastes of its new occupants, yet like Cicero's Tusculum, even though it may bear its old name no longer, Ochre Point must ever be associated with the fame of the author who lived and worked there. In future years the sad sea waves will continue to moan a requiem over the departed glory of the jurist's home, the foaming billow perchance dashing an angry protest against the *new sea-wall*, while washing the mighty rock, in the bosom of which sparkle like gems the sun-kissed mica, will send on the wild wind many a wail for the death of one who was always too busy with his own works for time or inclination to interfere with the works of nature, or pretend to control the limits of mighty ocean. "*Tout casse, tout lasse, tout passe*"—homes are broken up, great men pass away; only nature remains firm in its indestructible position, working out its own great laws. The brush of the wing

of the destroying angel overturns the inkstands of brilliant authors, but the ocean remains ever full, and the great "Author of the universe" continues to write upon his rocks with his waves, the mysterious characters from which science would read the record of earth's existence. Nature furnishes monuments to the memory of her gifted sons; roseate granite inclosures in the House of the Lord (where the sun of heaven looks in mellowed light through the stained glass window), sweet and reverent thoughts of Channing, the man who, while on earth, continually "Looked from nature up to nature's God." "Hanging Rock" recalls Berkeley, and his name and verses are reëchoed in Newport's Paradise, while

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Even so the rocks at Ochre Point, overlooking that ocean which bore the great jurist's works from the New World to the Old, will recall the name of Wm. B. Lawrence, the American jurist. Perchance, a future Kent, smoking his cigar upon the Newport Cliffs and meditating over the germ of a commentary which he fondly hopes may prove to the world that talent is sometimes hereditary, as he gazes over the villa-dotted expanse of Ochre Point, may draw inspiration from the path so often trod by the author of the "Law of Nations."

Ere the winds of time and change shall have completely scattered all traces of the old homestead; ere its memory shall have become to the world in general as "the baseless fabric of a dream," these leaves of recollection are gathered from Ochre Point and tied with golden threads of memory of another life which is also closely connected with the same spot; connected with the flowers and trees he planted, with the grounds he beautified, while the jurist was increasing the treasures of his library and adding to his literary fame. Memories of one who contributed to the reputation of the great jurist, his father, by relieving him of the cares of life, and thus allowing the author to devote his time and attention to literary pursuits. Like his father, Wm. B. Lawrence, Jr., graduated with distinction at an early age from Columbia College. He then read law in the office of the late James W. Gerard, for whom he always cherished a warm regard and admiration. While his father filled the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Rhode Island, Wm. B. Lawrence, Jr., was attached to the Governor's staff. He afterwards visited Europe, was presented at the several Courts, and availed himself of the many advantages which he enjoyed as the son of the American jurist. He also, like his father, turned from the path of pleasure in his early manhood and plunged into the serious business of life. His fine legal abilities were of great assistance

to Gov. Lawrence in the numerous lawsuits in which the latter was continually engaged.

It was the sad fate of this unselfish, true-hearted man, to die quite alone. He had risen from a sick bed to go to Newport for the purpose of attending to some matters in Ochre Point, the family being in Europe. Hastening back to New York, where business called him, he was overtaken on the way by death. A man of refined tastes and cultivated mind, he spent his ample means in surrounding himself with books and in contributing to the pleasure and improvement of those around him.

It seems surprising to many that Wm. Beach Lawrence, a New Yorker by birth and education, a life-long Democrat, should have abandoned his native State, with which his political principles were in accordance, to take up his residence in a State so obstinately Republican as Rhode Island, so conservative in its tendencies and prerogatives that a citizenship of more than a quarter of a century hardly prevented the jurist of Ochre Point from being considered a "new comer" in Rhode Island.

It will be remembered that Mr. Lawrence's "Disabilities of American Women Married Abroad" caused the Legislature of New York to alter the property law of the State. Mr. Lawrence tried in vain to persuade the Rhode Island Legislature to permit married women to act as executors of a will; but although his eloquence was powerless with that body, though its politics were adverse to him, he clung to the State of his adoption. He died a resident of Rhode Island. His last public act was to vote the Democratic ticket in Newport the day he left Ochre Point forever.

With its limits this sketch simply pictures the jurist as host and author seated among his books, or with his guests in his dining room regaling them with his reminiscences, some of which are collected in these pages. Mr. Lawrence was urged a few years ago by a friend to purchase a very excellent picture of the Point in front of the house, painted by Key, the artist. After looking at the picture, Mr. Lawrence said: "It does not look natural, the house is not there." Those who knew Ochre Point during the life of its hospitable owner, as they stand to-day on the familiar spot, missing the "ancient landmark," and realizing that Wm. Beach Lawrence and his home have passed away forever, will quote the jurist's words: "It does not look natural, the house is not there."

Esther Grace Lawrence Thorne

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

FOUR INTERESTING UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

Contributed from the collection of Mr. I. J. Austin, Newport Rhode Island.

John Hancock to Elbridge Gerry.

Philadelphia June 29. 1775

Dear Sir

The bearer, Mr Park, a gentleman of reputation here and firmly attached to the American cause, desirous of evidencing that attachment, has come to a determination to proceed to the camp at Cambridge and afford his aid in putting a period to the career of Gage's mermidons

I sincerely recommend him to your notice and beg you would promote everything that may tend to advance his comfort during his abode with you, and beg you would introduce him to the connection of our friends; you know who I mean. I shall reply to your two letters by Tessenden.

I cant add but that I am very truly my d^r Sir

Yours affectionately

John Hancock

Timothy Pickering to Elbridge Gerry.

Camp at Whitpain Township, Nov 2 1777.

Dear Sir

With the General's despatches you will receive a Return of the Continental army in Pennsylvania, disposed in the order of the States in which the battalions were raised. If before the dispatches are sent off, I can find time to do it, I will send a Return of the troops as formed in the brigades. I knew not whether his Excellency transmitted a Return of the killed and wounded at the battle of Brandywine which I delivered to him about a fortnight afterwards, till which time I had not been able to procure all the brigade returns. Such delays in the brigade returns have been one cause of my not making regular returns to Congress. These delays have arisen partly from the peculiar situation of this army for the two last

months, and partly from the want of Brigade Majors in many of the brigades, whose duty of course was undertaken by officers in diverse instances unacquainted with their duty. Till the last week I have received but one complete set of returns since my last return to Congress; that was between the 20th and 30th of September.

The want of time and opportunity has also been a standing cause of my omissions. Since the battle of Brandywine we have been in a constant state of hurry and bustle, marching or countermarching, preparing for action, advancing or retreating. I was never counted indolent, but never in my life was I so crowded with business as during this period. From morning to night I have had no other intermission than was just sufficient to eat my breakfast and dinner. Frequently too, and indeed for the most part, Head quarters have been at houses which gave me no room to do such sort of business without exposing the returns to every comer, and many times I have been under the necessity of writing wholly on my knee. Col Smith was with me during the month of September, but before and since I have been destitute of an assistant. He is now dead in consequence of the wound he received at Germantown, and much is he to be lamented. His place will probably soon be filled by a young gentleman who is strongly recommended to me. And henceforward I trust I shall be able to make returns with all wished for regularity.

I have sir given you this detail because I know not whether Congress may not have judged me negligent. But gentlemen of the family who have known my real situation I trust deem me very excusable.

I am dear Sir your most obd^t servant

Tim Pickering.

Letter from Gen^l Washington to Elbridge Gerry.

4 miles from Potsgrove Sep 26. 1777

D^r Sir

I was this morning favoured with your letter of the 24th. When I wrote Congress I was informed that there were several arms in Lancaster belonging to the public. These with their accoutrements I wished to be collected and put into the hands of the militia coming from Virginia, but I did not mean that any the property of individuals should be taken, because I did not conceive myself authorized, nor do I at this time, to order such a measure. I dont know how the inhabitants would relish such an exercise of power. I rather think it would give great uneasiness. The army is much distressed for blankets and shoes, and I wish the most vigorous exertions could be pursued to make a collection; the speediest possible where you are, and in the neighborhood. I am satisfied if proper steps were taken, money might be procured. I have been, and am, doing all I can to make a collection, but what will be obtained, will be totally inadequate to the demand.

We are now in motion and advancing to form a junction with Gen^l M^cDougal. I expect to be joined in a day or two by Gen^l Forman with fourteen or fifteen hundred Jersey militia.

The main body of the enemy are also advancing towards Philadelphia and were below Germantown from my last advices, which also mentioned that a thousand Infantry with about a hundred Dragoons had filed off towards Hill. I fear they are pushing for Bristol after our stores, which I am apprehensive are not entirely removed, though I gave orders for it the moment I heard they were there.

I am D^r Sir

Your most obe^t Serv^t

G^o Washington

Letter from Dr. Franklin and John Adams to

The Hon^{bl} Council of Mass Bay.

Passi, September 9. 1778.

Honorable Gentlemen

The inclosed Letter was delivered to us by the person intrusted with it, for inspection. He did not think it proper that a letter should go through our hands to America from Mr Hutchinson without examination. We accordingly broke the seal and found the two powers of Attorney and the letter inclosed, of which letter we have taken a copy. We think it proper to send it to you rather than Dr Lloyd. You will judge what is proper to do with it. It requires no comments of ours, who

have the honor to be with great consideration your most obedient humble servants,

B. Franklin

John Adams

Copy of Mr. Hutchinson's letter, dated

London Sackville St Aug 10. 1778

Dear Sir

My sister Grizell Sanford when Gen^l Howe removed his troops from Boston, removed also much against her inclination, if the family in which she lived would have continued there. She has been very desirous of returning but has never been able to meet with any person on whom she could depend to take a proper care of her.

She left an estate on one of Elizabeth's Islands called Slocum's Island in the township of Dartmouth under lease to Richard Sanford of Dartmouth & John Robinson of Dorchester at eighty pounds lawful money a year, the former since dead.

She has now executed a power of Attorney to enable you to receive what rent is due upon the lease, which in her behalf I desire you to do. She does not recollect any payment after I left the Province June 1 1774 but Mr Robinson's receipts, who I always found an honest man, will show the state of it. The lease was for seven years from April —71 to April —78 and as it is now expired, if Mr Robinson occupies it the present year by law he will have a right to pay no more than the rent in her lease, and will be held to pay as much.

She desires also that you will agree for the year 1779 as you shall find most for her interest, either with the last Tenant or any other person. I don't know how any thing can be remitted hither though she is in want, having never received or applied for anything from Government here for her relief but has depended on the assistance of friends for her support.

I have taken the same opportunity to enclose my own letter of Attorney. I left New England upon an order of leave from the King before any hostilities began, and when I sincerely wished they never might begin. I made my son my Attorney, who left the country also at the same time with my sister. My moveable estate in my house and on my farm at Milton was more than a thousand pounds sterling in value. My estate there and at Dorchester is well known. I have one mortgage upon an estate in Middleborough, recorded in the County of Plimouth amounting to more than £1500 sterling; and my houses, warehouses, wharves &c are well known in the town of Boston. The utter uncertainty of the state of the Colony disables me from being more particular than to desire you to make such use of the letters of Attorney as shall be for my interest and within your power. I am Sir your most obedient humble servant

Thomas Hutchinson

Mr Fitch is now at my house, desires his and family's best regards to you and family and would have wrote, but did not know of this opportunity and I am about to send my letter away.

Letter from Lafayette to Elbridge Gerry.

New York December 1784.

Dear Sir

Before I embark for Europe, give me leave once more to present my respects to you and your colleagues in the Delegation. It is a circumstance truly distressing to me that I cannot this time pay a second visit to my friends in Boston. The pleasure of hearing from you will be received with gratitude and with my best wishes for your continental, state, and private welfare I have the honour to be very respectfully and affectionately

Yours

Lafayette

MINOR TOPICS

THE PRE-REVOLUTION SURGEONS OF KINGS COUNTY

Until the close of the Indian war of 1643, the colonists on Long Island were dependent for medical treatment either on the surgeons that accompanied the ships of the Dutch West India Company or on the willing but ignorant Zieckentroosters, who essayed to heal both the bodies and souls of their charges; that war brought to the aid of the Province a company of soldiers from Curaçoa, and with the troops came Surgeon Paulus Van der Beeck, who was destined to become the first practitioner in Kings County.

Early in 1636 settlers began to people the western end of Long Island. Among those who started homes in the present Kings County was Willem Adriensen Bennet, who bought 930 acres of land in Gowanus, and erected a house at about the present 28th st. and 3d avenue, Brooklyn. At the close of the war with the savages, it was found that Bennet had been killed, his buildings burned and his farm devastated. His widow, who had been a widow previous to her marriage with him, took for her third husband Surgeon Van der Beeck, and the two, moving back upon the deserted farm, rebuilt a home and began to reclaim the soil.

In a sparsely populated country, among colonists who from the nature of their task must have been robust and rugged, there could have been, there was but little demand for medical skill; no one pursued one business to the exclusion of others, and as all alike had to sustain life from a common source—the earth—all followed agriculture to a greater or less extent. Thus Van der Beeck is mentioned as Mr. Paulus, surgeon and farmer. He was a pushing man. When women were few and far between he married a rich widow; with apparently no fear, he moved far from the protecting guns of the fort. Entering into public affairs in 1656, he was collector and farmer of revenues; in 1661 he farmed out Excise and Tenths on Long Island and was ferry master; while holding this latter position he drew upon himself a severe reprimand from the Provincial Council for keeping would-be passengers waiting half the day or night before he would carry them across the river. Surgeon Van der Beeck prospered and grew rich; in 1675 he was assessed "2 polls, 2 horses, 4 cows, 3 ditto of three years, 1 ditto of one year, and 20 morgens of land and valley, £133, sh. 10," and the next year he was rated at £140, land, passing at £1 an acre wampum value. The date of the first surgeon's death is not recorded, but the much-widowed woman whom he had married was again a widow, and as such conveying lands in her name in 1679.

A year after the arrival of Paulus Van der Beeck, Wilhelmus Beekman from Hesselt, Overysse, came to New Amsterdam. He seems to have been a man much respected by his fellow colonists and was given many places of trust and honor.

He was Schepen for a long period, was a Burgomaster for nine years, Alderman and Mayor under the English rule, Governor of the Dutch colony on the Delaware, and Sheriff at Esopus.

Among his children was Gerardus Willemse Beekman, who was born in 1653. This son chose medicine as his study, and after obtaining his diploma he married Magdalena Abeel of Albany in 1677 and settled in Flatbush. Surgeon Van der Beeck had selected agriculture as a means of success, Surgeon Beekman entered the field of politics, and followed close upon the footsteps of his father. In 1685 he was Lieut.-Colonel of the militia and a Justice of the Peace.

James II. had abandoned his throne, had tossed the great seal of his kingdom into the Thames and was a fugitive. William and Mary reigned in his stead. Strong as was the partisan feeling in the mother country, it lacked the personal rancor that rendered the revolution in New York so bitter, so tragic. The Governor of the Colony was not in the province, the Lieut.-Governor was strongly suspected of favoring the exiled Stuart and of connivance with the French in Canada for the surrender of New York to their government, the officers of the city were adherents to the lost cause, and gloom rested upon this nascent colony. At this period a man of action was required, and that man appeared in Jacob Leisler.

In the events that followed each other with startling rapidity after the assumption by Leisler of the government, the Justices of New York refused to administer the oath of allegiance to the new rulers to the people; then Leisler sent for Justice Beekman to perform this duty, and he complied cheerfully. In June, 1690, Surgeon Beekman was a member of Leisler's Council and a year later he was placed under arrest by the new Governor, Sloughter, and held for trial on a charge of treason. The result of that trial was the conviction of Leisler, Milborne, and six others, of whom was Beekman. Their sentence was death. For a brief period public opinion was with Sloughter and the government; but it was abruptly divided by the execution of Leisler and Milborne. The other members of the Council who were awaiting execution became objects of sympathy to a large party among the people. Gerardus Beekman had been a firm friend and supporter of Leisler prior to the last act of his administration—the resort to arms—from which he earnestly dissented and vainly endeavored to dissuade Leisler from performing; his sympathies otherwise were with Leisler's cause and he looked upon his execution as little less than judicial murder.

The sentence of death against Beekman and his coadjutors was not executed. The sudden death of Sloughter was followed by the appointment of Benjamin Fletcher as Governor of the Province and the pardon of the participants in Leisler's government.

For some years Surgeon Beekman's life seems to have been passed in quiet, and it was not till 1702 that he reappeared in politics. In that and the following years he was a member of Lord Cornbury's Council; in 1709 he was acting Governor of the Province between the administrations of Lieut.-Gov. Richard Ingoldsby

and Robt. Hunter, and in 1711 and 1715 he was a member of Governor Hunter's Council. From this time he seems to have abandoned all political offices and to have lived quietly till his decease in 1724.

One episode of his private life is preserved by a letter of Justice Henry Filkin to the Secretary of the Council. There was a dispute between the people of Brooklyn and Flatbush in regard to their pastor, and in the course of the conflict the law had been invoked, and Justice Beekman had decided against the Brooklyn party. A short time after his decision he and Justice Filkin met on the ferry-boat crossing to Brooklyn, and on landing stopped at the ferry-house to drink a glass of wine. How much wine was quaffed and how long the two remained at the hostelry is not recorded, ere they left, however, they had begun a dispute in regard to church matters, which passed on from bad to worse, till Beekman ended by calling Filkin "a pittiful fellow, dog, rogue, rascal, etc." This excited Justice Filkin's ire beyond control, and he adds, "which caused me, being overcome with passion, to tell him I had a good mind to knock him off his horse, we being both at that time getting upon our horses to goe home, but that I would not goe, I would fight him at any time with a sword." Probably a night's sleep placed this grievous quarrel in a different light, for a duel was not the result.

The next physician in chronological order was Dr. John Nerbury, who lived at the Ferry in 1710, and in that year had indentured to him a Palatine child. A bill of his against the County amounting to 4 shillings 6 pence for taking care of a "sick poor man" in Flatbush was recorded by the Supervisors in 1732. A year later he gave a deed of a wood lot in Flatbush to Johannes De Witt, and in 1746 he was a resident on Staten Island.

The records of the Supervisors contain bills for the treatment of poor people from the following physicians: 1740, Dr. Van der Voort. 1759-'67, Dr. John Lodewick, who in the latter year rendered a bill of £9, 5sh, 6 pence for attendance on a sick person for three months. 1766-'69, Dr. Harry Van de Water. 1754-'65-'70-'72, Dr. Henry Van Beuren. Of these, but two call for further mention, Drs. Van Beuren and Van de Water. The former has given us a picture of the practice of medicine in his time in a long and caustic letter against medical charlatans which he published in the "Weekly Postboy" in 1754, over the name of "Dr. Hendrick." After the battle of Long Island many of the inhabitants of Kings County hastened to renew their allegiance to the king; among these was Dr. Van Beuren, who renewed his oath to the English government in November, 1776, and who afterward became a leader among the loyal refugees. The further record of Dr. Harry Van de Water states that he died in 1776 "from a disease contracted on a prison ship."

FRANK B. GREEN.

NOTES

A CURIOSITY OF THE EMBARGO.—The following intricate arrangement was circulated in the Republican press during the spring of 1808. The editors assured their patient readers that *Embargo has saved us* could be read in two hundred and seventy ways, beginning with the center letter E. Will some subscriber to this Magazine try it :

s u d e v a s s a h a s s a v e d u s
u d e v a s s a h o h a s s a v e d u
d e v a s s a h o g o h a s s a v e d
e v a s s a h o g r g o h a s s a v e
v a s s a h o g r a r g o h a s s a v
a s s a h o g r a b a r g o h a s s a
s s a h o g r a b m b a r g o h a s s
s a h o g r a b m E m b a r g o h a s
s s a h o g r a b m b a r g o h a s s
a s s a h o g r a b a r g o h a s s a
v a s s a h o g r a r g o h a s s a v
e v a s s a h o g r g o h a s s a v e
d e v a s s a h o g o h a s s a v e d
u d e v a s s a h o h a s s a v e d u
s u d e v a s s a h a s s a v e d u s

PETERSFIELD

MRS. GEORGE W. CULLUM, the granddaughter of the patriot, financier, and statesman, Alexander Hamilton, who died, recently at her Newport villa, was a lady of marked ability, of exceptional culture, of great personal loveliness of character, of social distinction, and a philanthropist in its best and broadest sense. She was at the head of, and a large contributor of her means to, many of the excellent charities of New York City—the mere catalogue of which would fill our entire space. She devoted her influence emphatically for the good of others; and in nothing is this more apparent than in her endowment of the new Cancer Hospital in Eighth Avenue near One hundred and Sixth Street, to which she gave \$50,000—and also left

for it bequests in her Will amounting to nearly or quite as much more. The touching scene at the laying of the corner stone of this institution in June last will never be forgotten by those present. The expression of mingled thankfulness and devotion which illuminated Mrs. Cullum's beautiful features as she participated in the impressive ceremonies, told more eloquently than words how deeply her whole soul had been enlisted in an achievement due largely to her own personal efforts. The great-grandfather of Mrs. Cullum was General Philip Schuyler of Revolutionary fame. She was twice married, her first husband having been Maj.-Gen. Henry Wager Hallock, at one time commander-in-chief of the Northern Army in the late Civil War. Her second husband, who survives her, is the distinguished General George W. Cullum, colonel of engineers, retired, the scholar and writer, so well known through his valuable contributions to the readers of this Magazine.

LAKE BOMOSEEN—This lake is situated in the towns of Castleton and Hubbardton, Vermont. What is its etymology? What should be its authography? In Wm. Blodgett's map of 1789 it is called L-a-k-e B-o-m-b-a-z-o-n. (Page 38, *An account of the celebration of the fourth of July, 1881, at Mason's Point, Lake Bomoseen*). In "A History of the Indian Wars in New England, Montpelier, 1812," page 170, it is spelled B-o-m-b-a-z-e-e-n. In the "Gazetteer of the State of Vermont," by Zadock Thompson, 1824, it is called B-o-m-b-a-z-i-n-e.

In "Hemenway's Vermont Historical Gazetteer," Vol. III., 1877, it is spelled B-o-m-o-s-e-e-n, but says it was formerly called B-o-m-b-a-z-i-n-e. On deeds and surveys in the records of the town of Castleton, it is called T-h-e P-o-n-d, and C-a-s-t-l-e-t-o-n P-o-n-d.

About 1865 a Mr. Copeland, who owned a farm in the western part of Castleton, and who much admired the lake, began to study the origin of the name B-o-m-b-a-z-i-n-e. A few years later he wrote several letters for the *Rutland Herald*, in which he claimed that the name was taken from the famous Norridgewock chief, Bomazeen, who was killed near Taconnet (Me.) in 1724. He claimed that a locality in Maine was called B-o-m-b-a-z-i-n-e, named from this chief, and that the name of the lake in Castleton was derived from the same source. From Mr. Copeland's efforts to have the name changed to B-o-m-o-s-e-e-n it has now come into general use, no one having questioned his authority.

Another theory as to the origin of the name of the lake is given by the older inhabitants living in this vicinity, viz.: Soon after the town commenced to be settled a peddler crossed the lake on the ice, having several webs of the cloth called bombazine on his sled: one web got unfolded and trailed along on the ice unobserved nearly the whole distance across the lake, which ruined the piece. The peddler named the lake B-o-m-b-a-z-i-n-e.

Another theory may be wholly conjectural, yet not without some probability of being true. It may be stated as follows: When Champlain made his expedition to the lake which now bears his

name, might he not have followed up Poultney River—then Castleton River—and over into the valley, when he beheld for the first time, the beautiful green foliage surrounding the lake reflected from all parts of the surface? B-o-m-b-a-z-i-n-e was first suggested to his mind, and the lake was then and there, named and christened. B-o-m-b-a-z-o-n is nearly the French pronunciation of the word, and from his records would the name be taken from which to construct maps and write books; such was the manner of spelling the name by the early writer, but the early settlers had little learning, and knew little about the origin of the name, and may never have known it; hence they used such terms as C-a-s-t-l-e-t-o-n P-o-n-d or T-h-e P-o-n-d. This, however, is merely conjecture.

JOHN M. CURRIER
CASTLETON, VT., October 13, 1884

FLORIDA DISCOVERED IN 1513—This is the true date, as shown by Oscar Peschel, in his *Geschichte des Zeitalters der Entdeckungen*, 1858, page 5, 521, note. He says: Herrera (Dec. I. Lib. IX. Cap. 10) is the only writer who gives the exact date of Ponce's discovery, and he must have had a ship's journal before him. From this it appears that his Calendar reckoning does not agree with the year 1512, in which Easter-day happened on the 11th of April, nor to 1511, when it fell on the 20th of the same, but to 1513; which is correctly given by the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega, in his "Florida, Lib. I, Cap. 2, 1723."

The city of St. Augustine in Florida, is to celebrate the landing of Ponce de Leon on the 27th of March, which is

right, but the year of the discovery is 1513.

J. C. BREVOORT

THE TWO PLUM PUDDINGS—In the recently published "Letters and Times of the Tylers," appears the following amusing anecdote: Jefferson was to dine with Governor Tyler on a certain occasion, and the Governor summoned his *major domo* before him and gave general instructions for a good dinner. The personage holding that responsible position of *major domo* happened to be his youthful son John, afterwards President of the United States. When the hour and the guests came for the banquet, the first courses passed off most delightfully; the dishes were taken away, and the gentlemen present awaited the desert. Suddenly a door flew open, and a negro servant appeared bearing, with both hands raised high above his head, a smoking dish of plum pudding, which he deposited, with a flourish, before Governor Tyler. Scarcely had he withdrawn before another door flew open, and an attendant dressed exactly like the first entered bearing another plum pudding, equally hot, which, at a grave nod from John, he placed before Mr. Jefferson. The Governor, who expected a little more variety, turned to his son, and exclaimed in accents of astonishment, "Two plum puddings, John; two plum puddings! Why, this is rather extraordinary!" "Yes, sir," said the enterprising *major domo*, "it is extraordinary; but" (and here he rose and bowed deferentially to Mr. Jefferson) "it is an *extraordinary occasion*."

GENERAL GATES' WILL—The following letter, written in 1879 by a relative of Gen. Gates' wife, contains facts hitherto not publicly known in regard to the General's marriage.

W. L. S.

To Wm. L. Stone, Esq.,

Not many persons know that there are living several of General Gates's wife's descendants and legatees named in her will; some of them in Philadelphia and some in New York. Of the old stock there are three left, Thomas and James Singleton of the first, and Mrs. Isabel Clark, wife of Abraham Clark, of the last named city. I have a copy of the will of Gen. Gates, and of that of his wife, Mary Gates, which have been in my possession a number of years.

Mrs. Mary Gates was the only child of Mr. Valence of Liverpool, England, and at her father's death emigrated to America—before the Revolutionary War—bringing with her \$450,000. The General was a comparatively poor man when he married our cousin, Mary Valence; and before the marriage he promised that he never would diminish her estate but add to it. In the great struggle, however, for independence, nearly the whole of the money was used by Gates, except about \$90,000, which she left by her will. Mary Gates's money was freely used, and many of the Revolutionary heroes were participants of her hospitality, particularly Count Kosciusko, who, when wounded, lay six months at her house. Mary Gates was cousin to both my father and mother, they having been first cousins to each other.

THOS. SINGLETON

THE ACADIANS BEFORE THEIR REMOVAL—When, in 1748, the war ended, the French officials prophesied some signal acts of vengeance on the part of the British against the offending Acadians. On the contrary, they showed great forbearance, and only insisted that all the adult male population should take an oath of allegiance, without any reserve or restriction whatever.

This they would have done if they had been let alone; but they were not let alone. Another war was plainly at hand, and France meditated the reconquest of Acadia. To this end the Acadians must be kept French at heart, and ready, at a signal given, to rise against the English. France had acknowledged them as British subjects, but this did not prevent the agents of Louis XV. from seeking by incessant intrigue to stir them into bitter hostility against the British government. Before me are two large volumes of papers, about a thousand pages in all, copied from the archives of the Colonial Department at Paris. They relate to these French efforts to rouse the Acadians to revolt; and they consist of the journals, dispatches, reports, and letters of officers, military, civil, and ecclesiastical, from the Governor of Canada to a captain of bushrangers, and from the Bishop of Quebec to the curé of Cobequid. They show, by the evidence of the actors themselves, the scope and methods of the machination, to which the King himself appears, in his languid way, as an accessory. The priests of Acadia were the chief agents employed. They taught their parishioners that fidelity to King Louis was inseparable from fidelity to God, and that to swear allegiance to

the British crown would be eternal perdition. Foremost among these apostles of revolt was Le Loutre, missionary to the Micmac Indians, and the Vicar-General for Acadia under the Bishop of Quebec. His fanatical hatred of the English and the natural violence of his character impelled him to extremes which alarmed his employers, and drew upon him frequent exhortations to caution. He threatened the Acadians with excommunication if they obeyed the King of England. In connection with French officers across the line, he encouraged them to put on the disguise of Indians and join his Micmacs in pillaging and killing English settlers on the outskirts of Halifax when the two nations were at peace. He drew on one occasion from a French official 1,800 livres to pay his Indians for English scalps. With a reckless disregard of the welfare of the unhappy people under his charge, he spared no means to embroil them with the government under which, but for him and his fellow-conspirators, they would have lived in peace and contentment.—DR. FRANCIS PARKMAN, in *Harper's Magazine for November*.

A GENTLE REMINDER — To the *Centinel's* patrons residing at a distance, who may happen to be in town. Gentlemen, permit the *Centinel* to remind you, as you pass, of what the cares of business too frequently occasion your forgetting, that by calling at his convenient *post*, in State Street, you can very readily obtain the *watch words* of *from* and *to*, the *parole* of *received payment*, and the *countersign* of your very humble servant, THE EDITOR *Columbian Centinel*, printed by Benjamin Russell, Boston, Nov. 26, 1794.
PETERSFIELD

QUERIES

WILLIAM MOULTRIE—Information is desired of William Moultrie, described in American biography as a Revolutionary major-general of distinction in South Carolina, during the War of American Independence, though circumstances appear to have prevented his obtaining that place in American history attained by some of his contemporaries. His conduct at the defense of Charleston appears to rank with any exploit performed by Americans during the war.

Have any monuments been erected to his memory other than naming the fort after him at Charleston? Was he married, and to whom? and has he left descendants?

J. V. MOUTRAY

HAYMARKET P. O.,
SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES

BUCHANAN — William Mitchell, his wife, and son William came from Glasgow, Scotland, to Chester, Connecticut, in 1755. His elder brother, James, father of Chief-Justice Stephen Mix Mitchell, had settled in Wethersfield, Connecticut, about twenty-five years before. William Mitchell died within the year after his arrival. His wife was Agnes Buchanan, a woman of great strength of mind, and elevation of Christian character. Her son, William Mitchell (2d), remained with his mother and survived her many years.

Mrs. Lamb's "History of the City of New York," and Barrett's "Old Merchants of New York," speak of Thomas Buchanan, of *Glasgow*, a merchant of high standing in New York from about 1763 to 1815, who was associated in

business with *Walter Buchanan*. Thomas Buchanan seems to have been born about 1744. His birth-place was the same as that of these Mitchells. He was a cotemporary of William Mitchell (2d), born in 1735, who died in 1816, and of Chief-Justice Stephen Mix Mitchell, born 1743, who died 1835. Mrs. Agnes (Buchanan) Mitchell died in 1785 at the age of eighty-five; she was consequently a cotemporary of Thomas Buchanan for thirty years in this country. From these facts a relationship between them may be fairly conjectured. If any kinship existed, he would probably have been more or less associated with her family, and that of her husband's brother, James Mitchell. The coincidence may be mentioned, that Chief-Justice Stephen Mix Mitchell had a son *Walter*.

The only son of Thomas Buchanan died unmarried. His daughters married Peter P. Goelet, Robert R. Goelet, Thomas Hicks, Samuel Gifford, Thomas C. Pearsall.

This statement is made in the hope that the descendants of Thomas Buchanan may have his pedigree. If so, does it mention an Agnes Buchanan, who might be the person referred to above?

Kindly address

MRS. EDWARD ELBRIDGE SALISBURY,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

PAGE, REV. BERNARD—Can any one give any account of this clergyman after 1776? Previous to this time he preached in the Wyoming region of Pennsylvania, is named in the letters of Rev. Dr. Wm. Smith, and in "Bolton's Westchester, N. Y.," as late as 1775; but after

that it has so far been impossible to trace him.

H. E. H.

GREYCOURT—Can any reader of the Magazine throw light on the origin of this name—that of a hamlet in Orange County, New York? Eager's "History of Orange County" (pp. 518, 519) gives a very dubious etymology. The descendants of Robert Ludlow, who settled in Orange County, have, however, quite another derivation. Robert Ludlow, of Newburgh, it should be said, was the grandson of that Charles Crommeline who purchased an interest in the patent known as the "Wawayanda Patent," embracing Greycourt. Mr. Eager, the historian, says, "*Daniel Cromline*" was the purchaser of the interest, but this must be an error, for Daniel Crommeline was a son of Charles Crommeline, and only two years of age at the date of the Greycourt settlement (A.D. 1716). Besides, this very Daniel, early in life, appears to have gone to Holland, where he founded a famous banking house, until lately existing, and which at one time

was the correspondent of Messrs. Brown and Ives, of Providence, and of many other old American East India merchants.

Charles Crommeline, not Daniel, as Mr. Eager states, built the Greycourt house in 1716, and the son of his daughter, Elizabeth (married to the second American Gabriel Ludlow) subsequently went up to the Wawayanda Patent and settled there, marrying Elizabeth Conkling, of Orange County.

Now, the descendants of Charles Crommeline and Robert Ludlow have a fixed tradition that it was Charles Crommeline who named "Greycourt," and that he so named it after a village in the circle of Grey, in upper Saône, France, from near which the Crommelines, who were Huguenots, originally came. Whether this family tradition is well-founded or not, it has found its way into print, and perhaps some of your readers may readily furnish the facts? Either Mr. Eager's history, or the Orange County Ludlows are wrong?

HISTORICUS

REPLIES

ARCHIBALD MCPHEADRIS, merchant, of Portsmouth [iii. 379]—In reply to a call in your valuable Magazine for information concerning a family who intermarried with the Livingstons of New York, I submit the following paper:

Archibald McPheadris married in 1718 Sarah, dau. of Lieutenant Gov. John Wentworth and sister of the later Gov. Benning Wentworth. He built the brick mansion, now known as the Warner, house in Portsmouth, in 1716–1718, afterwards owned by Jonathan Warner, whose second wife was the daughter of McPhea-

dris. He was one of the most enterprising merchants of his day, and besides his vast commercial interests, was an extensive land owner. He received at Portsmouth large consignments of foreign products and manufactured goods, the which (after supplying Portsmouth and its vicinity) were sent to Boston and distributed in other directions for a market. He formed a company, of which he was the life, for the making of iron on Lamprey River, a branch of the Piscataqua, and encouraged the immigration of skilled workmen for the smelting, etc.,

and also of farmers who would make useful citizens, to whom he offered good inducements to settle on his out-lands around Casco Bay.

By his Will, dated 18th May, 1728, and probated Mar. 24, 1729, he gives to his wife one third of his estate, bequeaths land to his son Gilbert—and 200 acres of land to his brother Gilbert; makes bequests to each of the two daughters of his brother John and also to his sister's son, Phillip Read.

Two thirds of the residue of the estate to son Gilbert and one third to daughter Mary.

Archibald's brother Gilbert McPheadris, died in 1735—he was drowned going in a boat from the island of St. Kitts to Nevis, W. I., and left his property by will to Mary McPheadris (Archibald's daughter), Susanna McPheadris (living in the State of New York) and Mr. Phillip Read, to be equally divided between them. If Susanna should not be living, then her portion of the estate to go to Mary, who afterwards married (1) John Osborn and (2) Jonathan Warner, and had one daughter, Polly Warner, who became the wife of Col. Samuel Sherburne.

Mary's first payments from her uncle's estate came to her in the shape of 4 hhds. of Rum. Mr. Read "tho't it might be wanted, 'till affairs be better settled."

We do not learn whether or not the 4 hhds. held out until a final settlement was made.

Archibald's son Gilbert, probably was not living at that time, 1735.

P. W. PENHALLOW

BOSTON, MASS.

WEBSTER'S CHOWDER, [xi. 360, 458, 550; xii. 90].—Your correspondents who have given their statements of "the Daniel Webster Chowder," have not told of the bright conclusion which Mr. Webster was accustomed to make at the end of his famous recipe. After dilating with just gastronomic particularity over the various elements of the savory dish—as he ended he would say—

"And then—and then send for GEORGE ASHMUN and me"—

Mr. ASHMUN was a distinguished statesman of Massachusetts, who presided at the National Convention of 1860 that nominated Mr. Lincoln.

W. H. B.

DID THE ROMANS COLONIZE AMERICA [xii. 354]—First line, page 360, should read—"that allows a terminal in the consonant m."

M. V. M.

SLAVERY IN THE COLONY AND STATE OF NEW YORK [xi. 408, 552; xii. 89]—In the will of Abraham Snedeker of Haverstraw, County of Orange, Province of New York, bearing date June 24, 1771, the following bequest appears: "Item: I give devise and bequeath unto Abraham Thew my Negro man Tone and the Negro woman named Suke and the two youngest of their children Harry and Sara and the young Wench named Nan unto the said Abraham Thew his heirs and assigns forever."

The following bill of sale explains itself: "Know all men by these presents that I Isaac Onderdonk of the Town of Orange in Rockland County and State of New York for the sum of Two hundred and fifty dollars in hand paid or

secured to be paid. Have bargained and sold and hereby do bargain and sell to John Green of the Town aforesaid his executors, administrators and assigns, one certain Negro man, named Jack aged nineteen years on the first day of May next or thereabout—To have and to hold to him, his executors, administrators and assigns forever, which said Negro man I deliver to him the said John Green at the sealing of these presents and I the said Isaac Onderdonk for myself my heirs executors and administrators do warrant and defend the said John Green in peaceable possession of the said Negro man against all persons whomsoever.

Witness my hand and seal the twenty-fifth day of March One thousand eight hundred and nine.

ISAAC ONDERDONK

Sealed and delivered in presence of us
P. Taulman, David Clark.

FRANK B. GREEN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SCHOONER [xii. 378]—A Brooklyn correspondent gives as the origin of the word schooner "the work *skunard*, applied to two-masted vessels by nations sailing on the northern seas of Europe."

It would be an interesting investigation to inquire whether the fact is not precisely the opposite of the above statement. The German *schoner* or *schuner*, the Swedish and Danish *skoner*, and the Spanish *escuna*, as applied to vessels of this class, are all confessedly derived from the English.

The origin of the name is well established by current local tradition and abundant testimony in support thereof.

The first vessel of this style and rig was built in Gloucester, Mass., in 1713, by Capt. Andrew Robinson. Dr. Moses Prince, brother of the annalist, writing from Gloucester in Sept. 25, 1821, says,— "Went to see Capt. Robinson's lady, &c. &c. This gentleman was the first contriver of schooners, and built the first of the sort about eight years since." Nearly seventy years later Cotton Tufts writes, Sept. 8, 1790, "I was informed (and committed the same to writing) that the kind of vessels called 'schooners' derived their name from this circumstance—viz., Mr. Andrew Robinson of that place having constructed a vessel which he masted and rigged in the same manner as schooners are at this day, on her going off the stocks and passing into the water, a bystander cried out, '*Oh, how she scoons.*'" Robinson instantly replied '*A scooner let her be!*' From which time vessels thus masted and rigged have gone by the name of 'schooners'; before this, vessels of this description were not known in Europe nor America."

Thus it will be seen that the name was suggested by the peculiar gliding motion of the first vessel of the kind as she was launched, from the Scotch word *scon*, to make flat stones, etc., skip along the surface of the water, the word *scoon* being popularly used in some parts of New England to denote the same thing, and both words probably allied to the Icelandic *skunds*, *skynda*, and the Danish *skynde*, to make haste, to hurry, and the Anglo-Saxon *scuniar*, to avoid. No marine dictionary, commercial record or merchant's inventory prior to 1713, contains the word schooner, though it soon and frequently appears after that date.

SOCIETIES

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—
The first of the autumn meetings was held October 7. The Librarian reported a long list of additions to the Library since the last meeting, and the thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Lewis M. Rutherford and Mr. A. V. W. Van Vechten for valuable donations. The Librarian also reported an addition to the department of Art of a handsome and faithful bust of the late Louis Durr, founder of the Durr Gallery of Paintings, in the Society's possession.

The paper of the evening, which was listened to with great interest, was read by Rev. John H. Heywood, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. The lecturer graphically presented the salient incidents of the varied and romantic career of the pioneers, together with many other interesting facts connected with the early history of Kentucky, and in a keen, philosophical analysis, derived from the sturdy woodsman's deeds, from his physical and mental gifts, his early associations and training, and from the notable spirit of enterprise which was cherished in Devonshire, the home of his ancestors, his belief in his heroic mission, and his eminent fitness for it, as the standard-bearer of Anglo-Saxon civilization in its march to the great West.

Resolutions on the death of the late Royal Phelps, of the Executive Committee, were reported by that committee and adopted by the Society, and a memoir of Charles Fenno Hoffman was presented for the records.

MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY—
The first meeting of this Society after

the summer vacation was held on Monday evening, October 13. During the four months since the last meeting, the Committee on Publication has issued, in the beautiful style characteristic of all its publications, two papers possessing a special local interest, but which are a genuine contribution to the colonial history of the country. These are entitled, "Captain Richard Ingle, the Maryland 'Pirate and Rebel,'" a pamphlet of fifty-three pages, and "Sir George Calvert, Baron of Baltimore," a pamphlet of one hundred and seventy-two pages. Both evince careful research among original papers, in the true historic spirit—and throw light upon several disputed questions touching the early affairs of the province of Maryland.

The Committee having supervision of the publication of the Archives of the State, reported that the second volume had passed through the press, uniform in style with the first volume, which met with such favorable reception and high commendation, and would be given to the public within the next few days. It makes a handsome quarto volume of 600 pages, and gives the acts and proceedings of the provincial government from April 1666 to June 1676—possessing all the excellencies that characterized the first volume of the Archives.

WYOMING HISTORICAL AND GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY held its regular quarterly meeting at its rooms in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, September 11, 1884, Hon. E. L. Dana, LL.D., in the chair. Col. Wm. L. Stone, the historian, was elected a corresponding member. Mr. Sheldon

Reynolds, the Treasurer, read a very interesting paper on Rev. Barnard Page, the first Church of England minister who officiated in Wyoming Valley, presenting much heretofore unpublished matter, with several original letters from Rev. Mr. Page.

Rev. Horace Edwin Hayden also read a paper, entitled, "A brief account of various silver and copper medals presented to the American Indians by the sovereigns of England, France and Spain, 1600-1800, and especially of four Indian peace medals of George I. of Great Britain, now in the possession of the Society and its members." These four medals were displayed.

Both papers were referred to the publication committee.

RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY—The quarterly meeting was held on Tuesday evening, October 7, the President, Prof. Wm. Gammell, in the chair. Among other interesting features of the meeting was the reading of a letter from Charles H. Dennison, upon the importance of preserving early local records. The secretary reported additions to the library since the last meeting of ninety-five bound volumes, and seven hundred and eighty-eight pamphlets.

The President read a communication from the Buffalo Historical Society, inviting representatives of the Rhode Island Society to attend the ceremonies at the interment of the Indian orator and statesman, Red Jacket, and other distinguished chiefs of the six nations, at Forest Lawn Cemetery on Thursday, October 9.

The Secretary, Mr. Amos Perry, then read an interesting paper on New Eng-

land almanacs, their early use, and the almanacs published in New England outside of Rhode Island. The paper touched upon the number of books of this character in the possession of the Society, and also stated the number of volumes necessary to complete the different sets.

After a few words on the importance and benefit of the study of history, and the progress now being made, the meeting adjourned.

NEW ENGLAND HISTORIC, GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY held its quarterly meeting at the Society's house, 18 Somerset Street, Boston, on Wednesday, October 1, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, LL.D., the President, in the chair. Resolutions of respect were reported by Hon. Nathaniel F. Safford, to the memory of two deceased members, Hon. William A. Whitehead of Newark, and Hon. Stephen Salisbury of Worcester, which, after appreciative remarks by Rev. Dr. Lucius R. Paige, Rev. Edmund F. Slater, and Col. Albert H. Hoyt, were unanimously adopted. A large number of valuable donations to the Society since its last meeting were reported.

Hon. Horatio King, of Washington, D. C., read an interesting paper, the result of careful research, on the battle of Bladensburg, and capture of Washington, August 24, 1814.

President Wilder stated that Rev. Samuel F. Smith, D.D., author of the patriotic hymn "America," was present, and called upon him to address the meeting. Dr. Smith responded in a felicitous manner, and praised the work of the Society in collecting the materials of American history.

BOOK NOTICES

SIR GEORGE CALVERT, BARON OF BALTIMORE. A paper read before the Maryland Historical Society, April 14, 1884. By LEWIS W. WILHELM, A. B., Fellow in History, Johns Hopkins University. 8vo, pp. 172, pamphlet, 1884, Baltimore. Maryland Historical Society Fund publication.

Sir George Calvert, the Privy Counselor and Minister of State to King James, the colonist of Avalon, where he spent £30,000, and the true founder of the Commonwealth of Maryland, is a strong and important character in the life of his time. Mr. Wilhelm has given us a piece of work carefully wrought out, well arranged, and finely expressed. The style possesses the great merit of clearness, and shows the grasp of a mature and well trained mind. The volume necessarily deals with English and Continental politics, and the dangers of irrelevant detail and lack of proportion must have been great; but the author has kept steadily in view his object, to study Calvert's influence "on the economic and institutional development of the people of the American Colonies." It is perhaps in reference to the Colony of Avalon that Mr. Wilhelm's original investigations have borne the most fruit, and his access to the manuscripts and records of the society under whose auspices his work appears, has enabled him to give his monograph a permanent value. If the time has come for an authoritative history of all the Calverts and their part in American life, Mr. Wilhelm is evidently well equipped for the undertaking, and we hope he will next study the career of Cecil Calvert, lord proprietor of Maryland for nearly fifty years. The only fault we can find with this publication, and it is a very serious one, is that through some strange neglect, there is no index whatever. Five pages of well-arranged cross-index would double the value of Mr. Wilhelm's painstaking work for every student and library in the land. Pamphlet publications do not always need indexes; in fact often have little to index at all, but this life of the first Lord Baltimore certainly does need a good index.

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY, OR MEN OF BUSINESS WHO DID SOMETHING BESIDES MAKING MONEY. A book for young Americans. By JAMES PARTON, 16mo, pp. 399. Boston, 1884. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A more appropriate title has rarely if ever been chosen for a delightful book. Mr. Parton presents in these pages examples of men who shed luster upon ordinary pursuits, either by the superior manner in which they conducted them or

by the noble use they made of the leisure which success in them usually gives. It is a volume ripe with suggestion for the young mind. "I can tell you, boys," says Mr. Parton, "that a great number of the most important and famous business men of the United States struck down roots where they were first planted, and where no one supposed there was room or chance for any large thing to grow." From David Maydole, who made the best hammer in use, to the inventor of the steam engine, we have in this work not less than forty-five industrial characters sketched by the skilled hand of an author entirely at home with his subjects, and in full sympathy with eager and appreciative boy readers. Not all mechanics were these captains of industry. James Gordon Bennett, who achieved the largest income ever recorded from journalism in the United States, founded the New York Herald in a veritable cellar—the furniture of which was as follows: "one wooden chair, two empty flour barrels with a wide dirty pine board laid upon them, to serve as desk and table. End of the inventory." The two barrels stood about four feet apart, and one end of the board was pretty close to the steps, so that passers by could see the pile of "Heralds" placed upon it every morning for sale. Scissors, pens, inkstand, and pencil were at the other end, leaving space in the middle for an editorial desk. Bennett was probably no more persistent in his line of effort, than were Myron Holley, John Bright, Peter Cooper, Horace Greeley, Robert Owen, and a score of others, in theirs. We wonder how many of the present generation of boys could tell us (without referring to any printed book) what the men above named really have done of importance to the world in the great realm of business? These sketches represent no insignificant amount of labor and research, and in their present readable form will have an influence for good not easily estimated. We commend the book to every household in the country. There is no better book to place before the rising generation, and its charm will not decrease as the years roll on.

THE LETTERS AND TIMES OF THE TYLERS. By LYON G. TYLER. In two volumes. Vol. I, 8vo, pp. 633. Richmond, Virginia, 1884. Whittet & Shepperson.

This elegantly printed volume gives evidence of the most conscientious care, and exceptional skill and taste in its preparation, and while its title might lead to the conclusion that it is a mere family record, the reader need only glance through its table of contents to become aware that it presents a panorama of American History, from the Revolution to the beginning of the

Civil War in 1861. It is ably written, clear, concise, and readable, and the author is to be congratulated on the success he has achieved in bringing such a mass of valuable information within reach of the intelligent public in a form so attractive. The space given to the genealogy of the Tyler family is small. Judge John Tyler, the father of President Tyler, was in close association with all the great public characters of his time in Virginia. During the period of his governorship the continent of Europe was convulsed with the throes of Napoleon's gigantic wars, and America was in a condition of indescribable turmoil. The picture of Virginia affairs (taking in also those of the whole country) is admirably painted. And the book is brightened with a variety of captivating side-lights, turned upon the dinner table, after dinner speeches, the personal characteristics of many great men, together with illustrative anecdotes. The administration of President Tyler is reviewed with discrimination, although from a son's standpoint; and the Missouri compromise, the compromise of 1833, and the issues in the canvass of 1840 receive an interesting exposition. It is a work that all libraries, whether public or private, should possess.

A HISTORY OF PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS. By EDWARD STANWOOD. 12mo, pp. 407. Boston, 1884: James R. Osgood and Company.

This timely production issued by the enterprising Boston publishers, James R. Osgood and Company, is a collection of facts and incidents concerning the entire catalogue of Presidential elections in this country. It has been prepared with painstaking care, and while it professes to be little more than a hand-book of useful information, it contains documents of importance not easily accessible in any other form, and references to the chief events in American History of surpassing value to students and writers. It is a work destined for the study table, and is so well constructed that it will commend itself to all book buyers.

ALLAN DARE AND ROBERT LE DIABLE. A Romance. By ADMIRAL PORTER. To be completed in Nine Fortnightly Parts. Parts I. and II. 1884: New York, D. Appleton & Co.

A romance of extraordinary length, with an extraordinary title, published in an unusual manner, and coming from a source never hitherto suspected of literary leanings, are facts in themselves sufficiently novel to attract attention and pique the curiosity of the world. And when the scope and nature of the romance come to be known the public interest is likely to be greatly

increased, for this book is almost an embodiment of everything that is picturesque, romantic, startling and mysterious in the domain of literature. One reads a little and he recalls some of the wonders of "Monte Christo," a little further and he recalls Sue's "Mysteries of Paris," and other books of the romantic school occur to him; not that Admiral Porter has imitated any of these books, but his story is planned on a similar scale, and is equally startling and romantic in the vicissitudes which his characters undergo.

The story opens eighty years ago, in Manchester, on the eastern shore of Massachusetts, where we are presented with a vivid picture of the place and the period, and a really grand portrait of an old retired sea captain. We do not recall a more striking figure in fiction than this of Captain Samson Goliath, nor anything more pathetic than his long search for his stolen grandchildren—two twin boys of seven years—and his death, heart-broken at their loss. There is in this portion of the book a description of a long race between two ships sailing from Canton on the same day, that is as vivid and dramatic as anything in Cooper's sea tales. Nothing in its way has been better done. There is a gap of twenty years, and the story reopens in Newport city, in 1820, where we encounter the heroes, Allan Dare and Robert le Diable, these being the two stolen boys, now developed into men of splendid physique and Herculean strength. The brothers are unknown to each other, but opposed in two lines of remarkable action—one of them being a detective and the other under suspicion of being at the head of a gang of robbers. In the second part we have told the history of one of the boys after his abduction, and certainly the lover of romance and strange adventure could not wish for anything more piquant and stirring. If the two parts so far published are a fair sample of the story, we shall have in the whole book an immense variety of intrigue, mystery and adventure, and see life in a vast variety of forms.

Admiral Porter is clearly a natural writer of romance. He believes in romance, and he does not stop half-way either for lack of invention or in doubt of the soundness of his theory. His incidents are sometimes extravagant, but the situations come naturally. His style lacks some of the minor graces of literary art, but it is very clear and correct, and fully serves his purpose. He has the art of telling a story, the art of portraying character, and supremely the art of being interesting, which in romance writing is an accomplishment that outweighs all others; and if the reader is not entertained by the wonderful doings of his people, he is at least sure of being amused by them.

A GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE LOLLATHROP FAMILY IN THIS COUNTRY,

embracing the descendants, as far as known, of the Rev. John Lothrop, of Scituate and Barnstable, Mass., and Mark Lothrop, of Salem and Bridgewater, Mass., and the first generation of descendants of other names. By the Rev. E. B. HUNTINGTON, A. M. 8vo, pp. 457. 1884: Mrs. Julia M. Huntington, Ridgefield, Conn.

This handsome and ample volume brings down the history of the Lathrops to our own time. The pioneer of the name in America, Rev. John Lothrop (according to his orthography), was a deserter from the Church of England, who took up his abode in Massachusetts, in 1634. He was an interesting character, and the worthy founder of a large and notable family. The list of eminent men in the several generations includes clergymen, educators, soldiers, publishers, artists, lawyers, doctors and missionaries, many of whom are of national fame. The celebrated John Lothrop Motley, historian and statesman, was one of the descendants. Mr. Huntington, the author of this admirable genealogical work, died before it went to press, and it devolved upon a member of the family, who modestly withholds his name, to assist under many difficulties in editing the manuscript for publication. The record is one in which all who bear the family name or possess the blood may justly take pride.

The book is printed from clear type on heavy laid paper, with broad margins and uncut edges. It is finely illustrated, containing sixteen steel portraits of prominent representatives of the family. Also a very realistic view of the Old Lowthorpe Church, in the East riding of Yorkshire (dating from the time of Edward III.), showing with minute accuracy the building as it now appears, with the restored nave buttressed by the quaint and ruinous medieval tower. It is a publication that will prove a treasure to all genealogical investigators and scholars.

STEPHEN HOPKINS, a Rhode Island Statesman. A Study in Political History of the Eighteenth Century. By WILLIAM E. FOSTER. Two parts in one. 8vo, pp. 196 and 289. Providence: Sidney S. Rider, 1884. (Rhode Island Historical Tracts.)

The instructive and interesting career of Stephen Hopkins, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, a career identified with the whole political development of the century in which he lived, is admirably presented in the pages of this volume. He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1706, and died full of years and honors in 1785. He left behind him at his death an invaluable collection

of papers and discussions, not merely in the form of correspondence, but in documents bearing upon such obscure historical subjects as the Stamp-Act discussions, the Albany Congress, and the various plans of uniting the Colonies, which men talked over long years before the Revolution. Chapter VI., entitled "The Statesmanship of the Albany Congress," can be profitably studied by all lovers of history. Hopkins returned to his home in Rhode Island, and with the most persistent industry and the aid of every agency of tongue, pen, type, and personal influence, during the next twenty years, worked for the development of a public sentiment which should sustain and heartily approve the measures to be undertaken. His public services culminated in the Act of Independence. The chapter which dwells upon that portion of his life in which he as a citizen of Providence was identified with every measure of public improvement, is most entertaining. Stephen Hopkins was never idle. "The careful study of such lives as his must always be an inspiring and elevating influence in the development of American citizenship."

FIFTY YEARS' OBSERVATIONS OF MEN AND EVENTS, Civil and Military. By E. D. KEYES, Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. Army; late Major-General U. S. Volunteers, commanding the Fourth Corps. 12mo, pp. 515. 1884. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This work opens with a graphic description of General Winfield Scott, when he was president of the Board of Visitors at the West Point Military Academy in 1831. The reader is carried along with a pleasant-flowing current of words, and introduced to many of the great men of the five decades which the work covers. The author says, in relation to the three illustrious statesmen whose names were heard every day all over the Union for nearly a quarter of a century, that the order in which they were mentioned "was in accord with the estimation in which they were held in the different sections; thus, in the East and North it was Webster, Clay, and Calhoun; in the West it was Clay, Calhoun, and Webster; and in the South it was Calhoun, Clay, and Webster." Anecdotes of Jackson, of General Brown, of Benton, and particularly of General Scott and his numerous associates, are interspersed freely, illuminating the pages of the volume and adding to its attractions. The author was the military secretary of General Scott, and consequently brought in contact with the actors in the exciting events of 1860 and 1861. "I find by my journal," he writes, "that I was in Washington with General Scott from May 1 to May 19, 1860, and that we lived at Wormley's, where we had our private table. In his company I attended a series of splendid din-

ner parties. At President Buchanan's the company was composed of sixteen gentlemen and sixteen ladies. At that dinner I had a lady on one side and Senator Zach Chandler on the other side. The Senator was full of war and blood, though he lowered his voice to a whisper in speaking to me, saying: 'Before the rebels get to Washington they will have to kill Western men enough to cover up the dome of the Capitol with their dead bodies.'" The book possesses decided merit despite a somewhat rambling style, and cannot fail to have a wide and appreciative audience.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOHN

FILSON, the First Historian of Kentucky.

By REUBEN T. DURRETT. Filson Club Publications. Number One. Large quarto, pp. 132. 1884. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is the first of a series of publications to be made by the Filson Club, of Louisville, Kentucky, an association whose chief object is to collect and preserve original historic material relating to the early history of the central West. The work before us is an elaborate account of the life and writings of John Filson, who lost his life while laying the foundation of Cincinnati, it is illustrated with his lately discovered portrait, and is issued in a large quarto, with broad margins and uncut pages, and printed on heavy paper in the most elegant manner known to the art. One of its special attractions is a *fac-simile* of Filson's original map of Kentucky, in 1784, the existence of which has so long and by so many been a matter of doubt. Mr. Durrett, President of the Club, is the able author, and has enriched the volume with paragraphs of history and romance, poetry and anecdote, pathos and humor, and the reader will find it exceedingly entertaining as well as profitable. To scholars and historians it is priceless. We know of no work of its compass extant which can equal it in the production of original historic matter; and, touching as it does the heart of the great center of the continent, it will be eagerly sought. We understand but a very limited number of copies will be placed on sale.

THE EVOLUTION OF A LIFE, described

in the Memoirs of MAJOR SETH EYLAND, Late of the Mounted Rifles. 12mo. pp. 336. 1884. New York: S. W. Green's Son, Publisher.

This book is one of the most intensely interesting of any we have seen of its character. It is the story of a varied and romantic career, bright, gossipy, and alive with vivid pictures of scouting and cavalry raids during the late Civil War. It holds the reader's attention from the

first page to the last. Major Eyland commanded the First New York Mounted Rifles in the conflict, and his personal experiences in field and camp—as Captain, Provost Marshal, and Judge-Advocate—are invested with all the trappings of fiction. The book contains amusing anecdotes of Lincoln, Grant, McClellan, Scott, Butler, Joe Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Martin Van Buren, Horatio Seymour, President Arthur, and other noted Americans.

THE THREE PROPHETS: CHINESE GOR-

DON, MOHAMMED—AHMED (EL MAHDI), ARABI PASHA. By COLONEL C. CHAILLÉ LONG, Ex-chief of Staff to Gordon in Africa, Ex-United States Consular Agent in Alexandria, etc., etc. 16mo, pp. 235. 1884. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Events of the past two years, the insurrection of Arabi, the massacres, the bombardment and burning of Alexandria, the Maahdi, and Chinese Gordon, have aroused an unusual interest the world over in the affairs of Egypt. Thus a book fresh from the pen of a participant in the terrible and exciting scenes is most welcome. Colonel Long was for many years an officer in the Egyptian army, and a close and intelligent observer. At the time of the bombardment he was the commandant of a *forlorn hope* left for the common defense. His description of the destruction of Alexandria is graphic in the extreme, covering thirty-five pages of the interesting volume. Colonel Long writes in a clear, concise, and engaging style, and the reader will obtain from his book a much greater amount of authentic information upon the whole subject embraced in the title than is accessible in any other form.

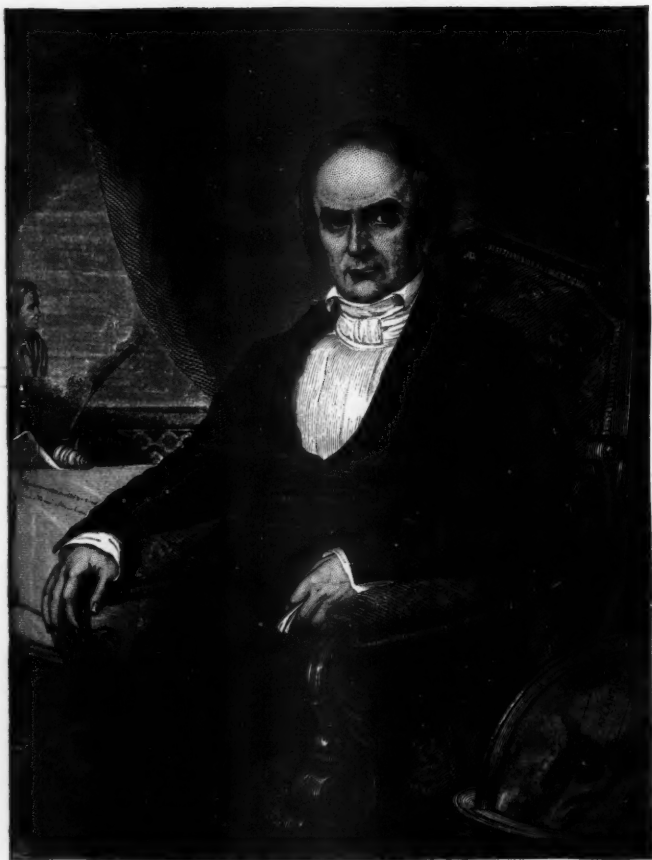
AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR. By ALBION W.

TOURGEE. 1884. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

A singular title and a most extraordinary book. It is not a novel, as might be supposed; it aims to disclose to the thoughtful public an imminent and unsuspected peril. It opens with a sketch of President Garfield, describing an interview with him by the author, and a promise made to the late President in fulfillment of which the book has been written. It treats of subjects in which every citizen is interested; and presents an array of statistics that will startle and astonish even political philosophers. It is irresistibly readable.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Magazine will publish in its December number the second and concluding paper on the "Unsuccessful Candidates for the Presidency of the Nation"—with portraits.





David Welles

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY

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No. 6

UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE NATION.

II.

DURING no other ten years of American progress did the character of the country change so rapidly and materially as in the decade from 1847 to 1857. The West was the great disturber of the public repose in its sudden leap into settlement and consequence. The political mind became bewildered with the situation. It was obvious that the demands of civilization must be honored. But problems as well as interests multiplied. And the process of settling the chief question at issue, whether slavery should or should not be introduced into the new Territories, was neither swift nor satisfactory. Prosperity and population advanced with a celerity unparalleled, while men's opinions were not sufficiently nimble to keep abreast in the race. Party lines were quite rubbed out by slavery disputations, and political belief unsettled. Even Daniel Webster, to whose fame the Presidency could add nothing, and whose masterly eloquence depressed the Anti-slavery movement, and commenced the work of demoralization of the Whig party, was by no means at his ease. He preached the gospel of harmony—the doctrine of nationality—pleading with the American people to hold sacred and intact their vast and glorious country with all its wonderful possibilities; but his faith was pinned loosely to the subsequent effects of compromise measures. "Law is uncertain and politics utterly vain," he remarked to Professor Silliman in May, 1852. Mr. Webster's personality was marvelous; when he died in October, only a few days before the election, men paused, with a sense of helplessness, as if one of the pillars of State had fallen. He had for upward of thirty years been at the head of the bar, and the Senate of the nation, the foremost lawyer and the foremost statesman, and twice premier. He had filled so large a space in public affairs that with many it was a genuine source of wonder how the country would get on without him.

President Pierce began his administration with a firm resolve to resist all attempts to agitate the subject of slavery. Yet in a few months the excitement over the organization of Kansas and Nebraska had reached